The Relief Society Magazine

L. 32 NO. 4 APRIL 1945

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 32, NO. 4 APRIL 1945

GOLD-GREEN DAY

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

It doesn't matter to this gold-green day
That war's unnatural thunder tears the earth;
For such is full ten thousand miles away,
And April is concerned with life and birth.
The tulips lift enameled bowls knee-high,
The cups and saucers of the daffodils
Are hung like new-dipped pottery to dry,
From hyacinths, star-bottled perfume spills.
Here life is gentle, an insistent force
That reaches ever up, with death a friend
Incipient in leaf and bud, whose course
Runs parallel, a haven in the end.
War leans his weight with death, but April weaves
New life from broken forms the earth receives.

The Cover: The cover "Proud Parents" is from a photograph by Grace O. Tuttle taken on the Deschutes River at Bend, Oregon.

BLOSSOMS AGAINST THE SKY
—GRACE O. TUTTLE

"Look Unto the Rock, Whence Ye Are Hewn"

Elder Daryl Chase

Director of Latter-day Saint Institute, Logan, Utah

IN recent years we have had many reappraisals of our national history. Since the outbreak of war, with all of its cost in treasure and lives, Americans have been attempting to evaluate democracy and discover how we reached our present national position of power from the simple, tragic beginnings of Jamestown and Plymouth of three hundred years ago.

American history is being rewritten in the agony of our present suffering and in the hope which we cherish of a better world. This does not mean that any significant changes will be made in our dates of history. Children will give the same answers as their grandfathers did regarding such questions as, "When was America discovered? How many sailed on the Mayflower?" etc.

On the other hand, better answers to the questions which follow must be made by young Americans than were made by their fathers, if we are to build on the political and spiritual foundations of Jamestown and Plymouth. I refer to such questions as these: What were the driving motives of the early American colonizers? What were the basic political ideals back of the instruments of government established by them? Can the marked differences which were soon apparent between the Spanish and English settlers in the New World be explained by the accidents of discovery (by the direction the wind happened to blow the ships), or must these differences be accounted for by factors quite outside the category of winds, rivers, harbors, and precious metals?

At the present time, there is a definite shift on the part of the interpreters of America's past from their emphasis on her material strength to that of her spiritual heritage. This shift is definitely in the direction of historical accuracy, and at the same time will serve as a morale builder to all thoughtful citizens. Men do not want to suffer or die, merely to shift a border or to keep their country the richest nation on earth.

It seems to the writer that it would be well for Latter-day Saint historians and Church interpreters of the past to follow the current trend of our secular historians and rewrite much of our early Church history with a shift in emphasis upon the purely religious and spiritual heritage of the saints.

A Latter-day Saint student may know the exact dates and places of every important event in Church history and remain quite ignorant of the real significance of the past to him. I once had a supervisor visit my class and "demonstrate" how to teach Church history. The period

lasted fifty minutes, and the whole time was spent in teaching the students the *exact* distance from Palmyra to the Smith farm. I think that all readers of this article will agree that a few minutes spent on the geographical setting of the Smith farmstead would have been time well spent, but the major part of that class period should have been occupied, not in pointing out how far the Prophet was from New York City, but rather how close he was to God.

Chronologies and assembled quotations from past leaders will never supply sufficient spiritual nutriment for the growing youth of any age. And at the present time, when the basic beliefs and practices of the Latter-day Saints are being attacked at home and abroad, the student is forced to go below the surface of history when he attempts to protect the Church, or when he searches the past for some meaning of the present or for guidance into the future.

AS I reflect upon the early history of the Church, several very important facts emerge from all the names and dates and geography associated with our beginnings. One is this: *The Restored Church is very young.* Many great and worthwhile achievements have already been made to the everlasting credit of the Church, but this fact still remains: One hundred and fifteen years is a very short time in the life of a vital, growing institution, and every Latter-day Saint should be aware of this important fact of his history.

Young men and women are delighted to learn that everything has not been done for them either in the Church or in the nation. It is thrilling to everyone to help build a beautiful ward or stake house or a temple; but good janitors and watchmen of any structure are very difficult to find because such work is dull and uninteresting. Young people can become very enthusiastic about contributing to a young church (which we are), but may remain quite indifferent to a call merely to protect an old institution.

I can never read very far in Church history without feeling that we are still in our beginnings, that only the foundation stones have been laid for this spiritual structure which we call the Church, and I am sure that many Latter-day Saints share this point of view with me. I once asked a brilliant young college teacher who was converted to the Church what it was that first attracted him to Mormonism. He replied that first, it was the good lives of several Latter-day Saints whom he knew well; and second, it was the attractive fact that this Church is young and is on the offensive, whereas the church which he grew up in was very old and was merely living on the material and spiritual resources of an ancient past. He said: "In Mormonism I can help build a future with my youth, my education, and my talents; here is a young, living organism; in the church I left I felt that the best I could do was to protect an ancient monument."

When we look below the surface of our beginning, we soon discover another fact: We are not only very young, but, like the Primitive Church, the people who first gathered in western New York and

northern Ohio to make the new covenant, were among the lowly when judged by their material possessions. *The Church started rich in things of the spirit, but very poor in the wealth of this world.*

Practically all material assets of the Church to which we can point today, cannot be traced beyond the birth of President Grant. A few men of wealth from 1830 down to the present time have joined the Church, but most of the converts, foreign and domestic, have answered the description Paul made of the early Christian converts at Corinth: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called" (I Cor. 1:26).

We misread the story of Plymouth if we place any motive above those of religion and civil liberty as the driving force back of the Pilgrim migration. Many motives may have been back of our forefathers joining the Church, but paramount among them all were the convictions that they were entering the kingdom of God, that Christ's Church was restored upon the earth. They were primarily in search of spiritual riches, and any other interpretations of our early history are distorted and badly unbalanced.

Year by year, we increase our number of public buildings and our corporate wealth. The youth of the Church and all new converts inherit the fruits of the industry and frugality of the pioneer saints. But to the kingdom seekers of the present we have little to offer of a non-material nature which was not present in the poor but enthusiastic gatherings at Kirtland, Ohio, and Jackson County, Missouri. In that early poverty the elders could say to the investigator: "Repent of your sins, exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and we will baptize you for the remission of your sins and lay hands on your head for the reception of the Holy Ghost." At that early period when they were so poor in this world's goods, the elders would also say: "Through the power of the priesthood which has been restored, you can make covenants with the Lord while in mortality which, if kept faithfully, will be binding in the worlds to come."

Our assurance of immortality is largely based upon the same evidence which attracted the first converts; our concepts pertaining to the nature of God and the meaning of life are the rich heritage of a not-too-distant past.

In the Nauvoo period when the Church was about fourteen years old, Sidney Rigdon, in reminiscing over the first few months of the Church, said:

> I recollect in the year 1830 I met the whole Church of Christ in a little old log house about 20 feet square, near Waterloo, N.Y., and we began to talk about the kingdom of God as if we had the world at our command. We talked with great confidence, and talked big things. Although we were not many people, we had big feelings.
>
> We knew fourteen years ago that the Church would become as large as it is today. *We were as big then as we ever shall be.* We began to talk like men in authority and power. We looked upon the men of the earth as grasshoppers. (D.H.C. Vol. VI, p. 288)

The great plans (which we have partly achieved) which the early brothers and sisters made in their

rude cabins, the sureness of their position, their faith in the ultimate triumph of their work were all centered in spiritual realities which challenged the best within them. The prevailing spirit of that early period was: What can I contribute to this cause? There was neither social prestige nor corporate wealth to attract the investigator until quite recent times.

To repeat: The Church began very poor in the goods of this world but very rich in treasures of the spirit.

THERE are some churches which verge on being downright anti-intellectual; they oppose, or view with suspicion, all steps forward in science and art. There are many churches which may not be classified as anti-educational, but, in the main, they are indifferent towards learning in general. Intellectuality of any kind does not reflect the spirit of their gospel. The thoughtful observer can plainly see that the trend of modern life everywhere is to move farther and farther away from that type of institution.

Everyone acquainted with current Latter-day Saint history knows something about the fine schools which the Church has built, and that most of the Church activities can be placed under the general heading of education. This fact holds true whether one considers the programs outlined for the priesthood quorums and the Relief Society, or those which are planned for the little children and the youth of the Church. Some critics admit that the Church is now very interested in education, but suggest that it was forced to its present position by the national trend for universal education as a safeguard to American democracy.

Every Latter-day Saint who has read his early history with care knows that early records to which everyone must refer show that Joseph Smith and many of the early saints had very little formal schooling, but the same records also show that they had great faith in what we now call the educational process, accepting its divine approval and extending its influence beyond the grave. It is a plain fact of history that from the very beginning of the Church, education and salvation have gone hand in hand in the restored gospel plan of exaltation.

To say that Joseph Smith was zealous for education is not a rhetorical phrase written to please the ears of present-day, cultivated Latter-day Saints who take pride in their schools and educational programs; it is a simple unadorned fact. At this point let us recall just one of the many statements of the Lord given to Joseph Smith pertaining to education, at a time when the problems of food, clothing, and shelter were daily, pressing problems to most of the saints: "Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand" (Doc. and Cov. 88:78).

Furthermore, the Prophet's interest in education did not stop with pulpit utterances. He was an eager student to the hour of his death. He kept the best educated members of the Church close to him; he was not

afraid of their learning; they were his resource men and counselors. Recently in a class where we were studying the life of the Prophet, a student asked this question with evident surprise: "It states in Josiah Quincy's account of his visit to Nauvoo that the Prophet read from his Hebrew Old Testament in order to make a certain theological point clear; how did he happen to know Hebrew?" The correct answer, of course, is obvious: he learned it the way all men learn Hebrew; he employed a good teacher (Professor Seixas, the best Hebrew scholar of his day) and he sat in a beginner's class and "sweat it out" with the other brethren who were also eager to learn. It is one thing to utter a pulpit exhortation about the necessity of learning; it is quite a different thing to spend your money to employ a teacher and then burn the midnight oil over a Hebrew grammar in addition to doing the laborious, daily-routine, executive business of the Church.

The Prophet set a good example before his people in attending classes and in organizing schools, but the most important of all his contributions in this field was the close association which he always made between education and the most sacred teachings and activities of his life. Many times we quote the following in support of education, quite unaware that it is found in the dedicatory prayer given by revelation, uttered by the Prophet at the completion of the Kirtland Temple:

> And do thou grant, Holy Father, that all those who shall worship in this house may be taught words of wisdom out of the best books, and that they may seek learning even by study, and also by faith. . . ." (Doc. and Cov. 109:14).

Apparently, education of the people and temple building were inseparable in the Prophet's mind. In the plans which he proposed for the temple to be built at Far West, one finds that two of its three stories were to be reserved for educational activities. (Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 440.)

The Latter-day Saint student who reads the early history of his Church and does not discover how eager the founders were to raise up a learned generation unto the Lord, have missed an important fact, and a very stimulating one.

Emerson said that "Every institution is but the length and shadow of a man." A careful reader of early Church history will learn that the length and shadow of Mormonism is not that of any man limited by the rough life of the American frontier. Rather, it is the length and shadow of the Son of man who placed man's limitations only within the bounds of truth and righteousness.

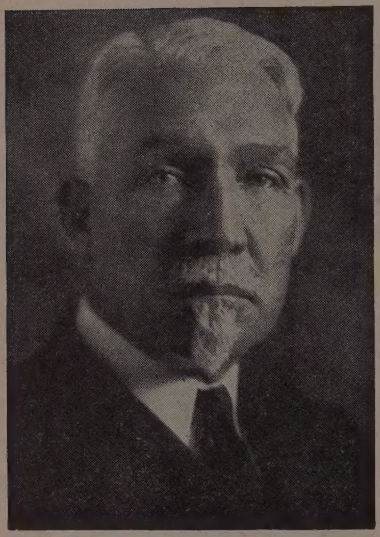
BRIDGES

Grace A. Cooper

Burned bridges retain a nostalgic scent
That lingers and clings—is haunting, despite me—
I will not look back through the haze unspent,
Lest one unscathed plank remain to invite me.

Rufus Kay Hardy

President Levi Edgar Young
Of the First Council of the Seventy



ELDER RUFUS K. HARDY
(Died March 7, 1945)

ALL who knew him have praised his goodness, his kindliness, as much as they have his love for right. Bearing testimony of the truth of the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was his great passion. Called as he was to go to the South Sea Islands to give the gospel to the Polynesian people, he not only spent one period of his youth among them, but three times was he called by the Church to go to that people. That which made the people understand the light and beauty of his message was the manner in which it was put forth. In their traditions we find their ancestors believing in God the Creator of heaven and earth, and man created in the image of God. They knew of the Redeemer of the world and deeply did President Hardy know that some day, the people of those islands of the sea would come to a knowledge of the restored gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

For over a decade he served as a member of the First Council of the Seventy, a position he dignified and to which he gave all honor. He had a fine idea of accuracy and a desire for the exact truth, which grudged no time and pains in tracing out even what might mean a small matter. He had a sound and calm judgment which subjected his own and all people's inferences to a searching review. With these fine characteristics, he threw the whole force of his nature into the work of the Seventy of the Church. The dignity of the work was in keeping with its importance. The missionary system is a means to an end; and every seventy, a missionary, should bring his soul to the desire to go forth and "preach the gospel to all peoples of the earth." He wanted the seventies to become students and teachers, but ever given to the deep knowledge that each one by the grace of God has that eternal testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God to usher in the new age of the gospel of salvation. So he lived and died, knowing that the forces which are to make the world the world it ought to be are now within it.

Samuel Otis Bennion

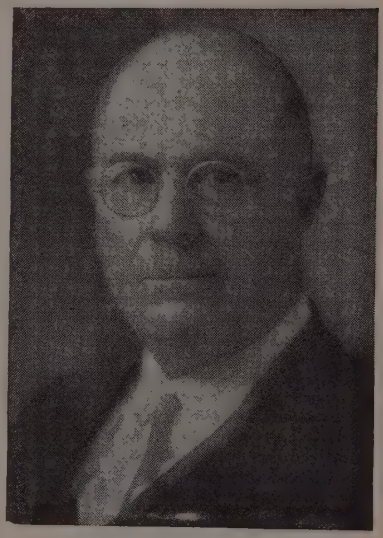
President Antoine R. Ivins
Of the First Council of the Seventy

IN the death of Samuel O. Bennion the Church has lost one of its most valued and valiant servants. He leaves behind a vast multitude of friends. While we knew he had been laboring under the handicap of an uncertain heart for some time, none of us expected him to leave us when he did.

Practically all of his mature years have been devoted to the missionary work of the Church, for it was soon after his marriage that he accepted a call to the Central States Mission where he spent the next twenty-eight years of his life, presiding over the mission for twenty-six of them. Upon that mission he stamped his personality, and to an even greater extent he leaves his mark upon the Church through the many men and women who worked under his direction in spreading the "glad tidings of great joy" to the world. He taught them faith in God and humility, honesty, devotion, integrity, industry, and the other virtues which characterize true Latter-day Saints.

From the Central States Mission he came to the First Council of the Seventy which gave him another wide field of activity. Here he came into closer touch with the presiding officers of the Church, in its general offices, and throughout the wards and stakes, and widened the circle of his influence.

While at Independence he had the Liahona and printing plant to manage which experience qualified him to direct *The Deseret News* when he moved to Salt Lake City.



ELDER SAMUEL O. BENNION
(Died March 8, 1945)

President Bennion's parents were sturdy pioneers and he gained from them a physical and intellectual endowment which qualified him for life under the rigorous conditions of our beloved West. He was equally at home as a stockman and farmer, a business man or a preacher of the restored gospel.

Almost seventy-one years was the measure of his mortal life, and they were filled with acts of kindness and helpfulness.

Our prayer is that God will give strength and courage, confidence and solace to his good wife who through all of these experiences stood by him.

Let Us Honor Them

The Honorable Charles R. Mabey

Former Governor of the State of Utah

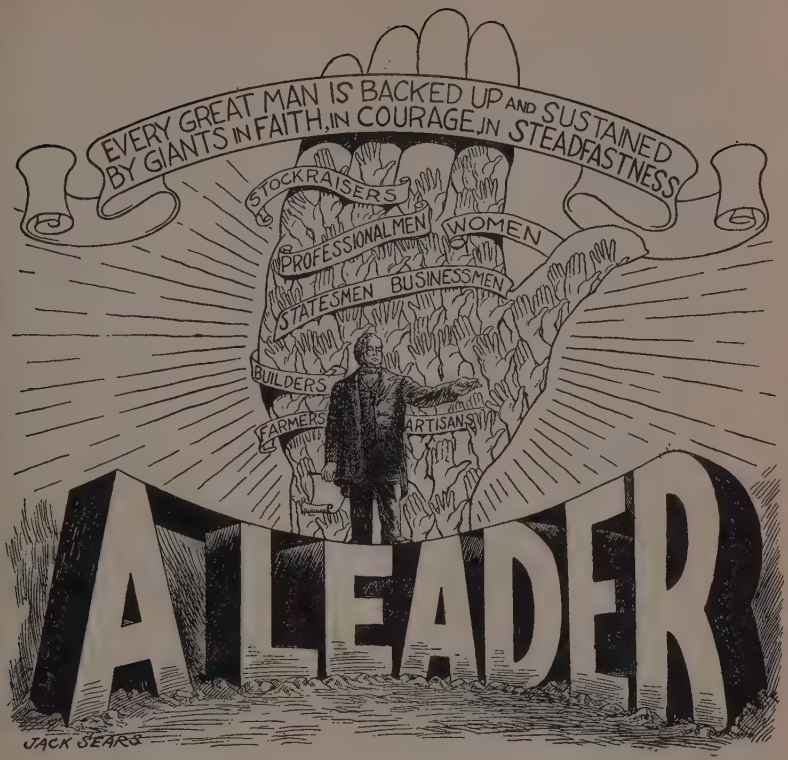
Prepared at the request of the Church Beautification Committee

ALL great movements of history have their leaders. The farther they recede from the present, the greater the halo that surrounds them, and the dimmer the figures that made their leadership possible. In that famous march of the ten thousand of ancient Greece, our mental eyes embrace but one personality: Xenophon; all the others are shadows. The children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness under the guidance of Moses; him we recall, the several hundred thousands of his followers are ghosts fast disappearing in the night of the centuries. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, but where are the legions that marched at his back? Him alone do we remember. The Mormons trekked across the plains and founded this mountain empire, and at once when we recall the event, Brigham Young stalks across the stage.

It is not that we think less of the men and women who took part in these great movements. We know that not one of these geniuses could have become great without followers who were likewise great. The common man and woman of Mormonism were not a whit behind the moving spirits of every historic epoch. Side by side with Brigham Young were ten thousand other men far less known, but equally as resolute and noble, equally as bold in enterprise, equally as loyal to a mighty cause. Had accident or the purposes of the Almighty chosen them to the supreme command, they would not have been found wanting. Each one that came here and endured to the end was a giant in faith, in courage, in steadfastness. The victory in the fight against the forces of nature and those of evil is always achieved by the common man, even as is that in war won by the common soldier. In following the fortunes of these stalwarts, one feels that he is watching the stride of supermen and that the life of each is as interesting as that of his leader.

Never before or since did men and women display such boundless energy. Within ten years of their arrival here the valleys of Utah had been taken up, villages or towns had been established as far east as Colorado, as far south as Arizona, as far north as the Salmon River in Idaho, and as far west as the Carson Sinks, to say nothing of the settlements in San Bernardino and the Mormon River district of California.

Wherever the colonists penetrated, there went law and order, thrift and frugality, and a decency in living seldom equalled and never surpassed. Roads were laid out, bridges built, towns surveyed, lands broken up and cultivated, homes, schools, and meetinghouses erected. The primeval mountain fastnesses were



conquered and the ring of the woodman's axe became familiar to the denizens of canyon and stream. Water was diverted from a thousand channels and poured out upon the thirsty soil, thus making of a desert a fruitful field. The four corners of the globe were scoured to secure seeds that might thrive in this section, and soon the husbandman produced crops that were the envy of farmers in less favored places.

MANY of the converts to the new faith were splendid artisans. Saddlers and farriers, brick and rock masons, carpenters and cabinetmakers, millers and lumbermen, wheelwrights and waggoners, blacksmiths and cobblers, all the trades known to civilization, were represented in practically every town by skilled workmen. Whatever was needed in the shape of home appliances and utensils, farm implements, or clothing for the body, could be and was produced. Sugar mills and tanneries, looms and spinning wheels, were soon in operation. Mass production with its thousand and one articles so common today—cereals, breakfast foods, bacon, ham, canned vegetables and fruits, and gadgets that make the housewife's labor a joy—had not yet made their

appearance on the Western stage. In consequence, the local craftsman fabricated his wares with much pride therein, fully aware of their worth.

Most pioneers had not had the blessing of an education, but they loved learning with passionate devotion. One needs but to scan the early issues of *The Deseret News*, note the advertisements and see how many of them have to do with educational subjects. Schools functioned in every village and hamlet, side by side with the plow and the scythe. For example, on September 20, 1848, Joseph Holbrook moved with his flocks and herds ten miles north of Salt Lake, and within a month had made a schoolhouse of bullrushes and mud so that his children and those of Anson Call might receive tutelage. This is but one of hundreds of similar happenings, and by 1850 the University of Deseret was established.

State, municipal, and county governments were formed and wholesome laws enacted. The crime, the drunkenness, and the general lawlessness that usually characterize newly founded communities were absent wherever these pioneers were in the ascendancy.

When one realizes this and the self-sufficiency of the new colony, one sometimes wistfully wishes oneself back in its quiet seclusion, untroubled by the worries that harass the world today. This people was not wealthy in jewels and precious stones, in gold and silver, in magnificent mansions and palaces of pleasure, but its plain, homespun existence made for solidity, stability, and honesty, qualities which are sorely needed in this year of grace, 1945.

Is it any wonder that we honor them?

COME AND GROW OLD WITH ME

Bertha A. Kleinman

Come and grow old with me,
As trees grow old,
Each season adding newer, finer wood—
A timbered arch defying storm and cold,
And nobler for adversity withstood.

God made a tree—
He likewise fashioned me
To brave the rain, the thunder—shock and blast,
A weathered oak that sheds security,
From fruited boughs uplifted to the last.

Come and grow old with me,
The eventide
Is rich with harvest after storm and strife;
There is no age, for where the Gates swing wide
New wood still blossoms on the Tree of Life!

We Will Give the Tenth Unto Thee

Camilla Eyring Kimball

"THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"; and we, his children, are only stewards of his domain. It is given to us to enjoy the fulness of the bounty of the earth, and in return it is required that we pay one-tenth of our increase for the building up of the kingdom of God and for the furtherance of his work on the earth.

The laws of the gospel of Jesus Christ are made plain to us his children. The "abundant life," spoken of so often by Christ, is the joyous life that comes from sacrifice, struggle, and accomplishment. Some may feel that the law of tithing is difficult, but if it is, the blessings which come from its observance, in added strength of character and power to overcome temptation, bring us proportionately nearer the "abundant life."

The law of tithing comes down to us from earliest Biblical history. Cain did not bring an honest tithing before the Lord, while Abel did. Abraham and Jacob paid tithes. The law was repeated to Moses on Mount Sinai. By modern revelation the law was first given as the standing law of the Church on July 8, 1838. Under the inspired leadership of Lorenzo Snow, the Church members were stimulated to more fully obey the law, and by their so doing, financial security and the means to build temples and spread the gospel in many countries of the world has been made possible. However, the work yet to be done is vast beyond our comprehension, and we should be fired by a new enthusiasm to live this law more fully.

Church statistics show that the greatest amount of tithing is paid in December, an exemplification of the human weakness of procrastination. The proper time to pay our tithing is at the time our income is received, if that be weekly, monthly, by season, or annually. Those who leave it to the last of the year find a multiple of expenses facing them, which makes it increasingly hard to be honest with the Lord. Even the best of intention may then be thwarted, and thus we deprive ourselves of the blessings which come to the tithe payer.

The glow of satisfaction does not come to the one who has been niggardly with his offerings. It is amusing, and yet a bit pathetic, to listen to a discussion of "what is an honest tithing" sometimes heard in a Sunday School class. Some suggest all possible deductions that might be made, seeming to be more anxious to pay as little as will salve their consciences, rather than recognizing the opportunity to receive the blessings which come from a knowledge of having lived the law without reservation. In Moroni 7:6 we read, "For behold, God hath said, a man being evil cannot do that which is good; for if he offereth a gift, or prayeth unto God, except he shall do it with real intent it profiteth him nothing." The blessing comes through the intent of the heart. Only our Heavenly Father

and we ourselves know whether we give wholeheartedly with a feeling of gratitude and thanksgiving or with a feeling of compulsion or parsimony.

There are those Church members who worry about the use to which the Church funds are put. It is interesting to notice that it is not the full tithe payer who is thus concerned, but usually the member who wishes to find an excuse for his nonpayment of tithes in a declaration of his disapproval of the handling of the funds. There was a wealthy member of the Church, living in a small community, who openly declared that he would not pay tithing, but that each year he would give a sizable sum to some public charity or needy individual, for which he received newspaper publicity. He was heard to say, "I think I am a better judge of where my money will do the most good than the bishop or Church authorities are." This man gave to be seen of men and so has his reward. The tithe payer who gives with love and trust, unlauded by men, surely will receive a far greater reward, for he is storing up for himself treasures in heaven.

IN obeying the law of tithing, we have a tangible way of showing that our religion is not merely a form, but a living, active force in our everyday lives. In times of stress, such as the period in which we are now living, we feel, more than at any other time, a real need for activity to combat the evils at work around us. We cannot give passive lip service and keep our faith alive. What more definite, combative force can be found than the act of going all the way in the payment of an honest tithing to our Heavenly Father?

Our boys who are fighting on the battle fronts all over the world are fortifying themselves with the force of true, honest living by sending their tithing from India, Alaska, Africa, Italy, England, and the islands of the Pacific. Their letters bear testimony of the strength which this tangible act of obedience gives them. It is a strand in the life line which ties them closely to the body of the Church and to our Heavenly Father. This is no lip service, but a concrete evidence of a desire to obey the commandments and so be worthy of blessings.

As Latter-day Saint parents, our responsibility to our children is not complete when we provide them with food, shelter and clothing. We are commanded: "And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord" (Doc. and Cov. 68:28). There is a definite time to teach a child to pay tithing, and it should not be postponed until he is old enough to earn an income outside the home. An opportunity should be made for children, when they are very young, to earn their spending money by doing regularly and well, definite chores at home. They should then be taught to budget their money carefully, teaching them that the first tenth belongs to the Lord, and is not theirs to spend otherwise. Thus, they will learn the habits of honesty, thrift, and independence. The payment of tithing can easily be made a habit if there is never an exception allowed, even though children may feel they need the money for something else.

Sometimes children earn money and carefully save it for a special purpose, and are tempted to let the Lord wait until later for that which is his. Parents would do well to be firm in permitting no exceptions to the rule that the tithe comes first; it is not ours to spend. It should be designated for the one, sacred purpose. Thousands will testify to the greater joy and strength which comes from strict and unfaltering obedience to this law of the gospel.

In preparing a Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association class of young girls to make an excursion to the temple to be baptized for the dead, I was astonished to find how many of them had never paid tithing, nor felt they had ever owed any. Many of them earned small allowances at home, but just had not been taught that this should be tithed. We only learn to do by doing, and it is most important that parents create the opportunity for the forming of this habit in very young children. Some parents make the excuse that it would be a burden for the bishop to put a child's name on the tithing record for a very small sum. Any bishop worthy of the calling feels a real thrill when a child comes to pay his tithing, even if it be only a dime. A child's tithing receipts should be among his most prized possessions, tangible evidence of his worthy standing in the Church—not to be exhibited, but for his own satisfaction. The amount is not the important thing; the child's or the widow's small tenth is just as acceptable in the eyes of the Lord as the thousands paid by the rich man.

The Lord has spoken through his prophet Malachi: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Blessings of health, of harmony in the home, the feeling of peace and well-being in one's soul, of love and good will toward one's neighbors, cannot be bought with money, but only by keeping the commandments. These blessings may be ours if we can say as did Jacob, "and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

THESE ARE THE THINGS I HOLD OF DEAREST WORTH

Roberta Bates

These are the things I hold of dearest worth;
An evening sky of gold,
And rose, and blue,
The peace of wooded hills,
Bird song, the murmuring of rills,
Green lace upon each April twig,
And, after showers,
The scent of good black earth
Mingling with flowers,
And, best of all, as each day ends—
Laughter and friends.

I Remember—

Elder Rodney B. Taylor

RECENTLY while attending a reception in a Utah community, the discussion of Women's Clubs came up. It seemed that most of the matrons present belonged to at least one club and some to more than one. These women were sort of the town's "four hundred," and spent considerable time discussing the merits and demerits of their respective clubs. Previously, a member of one had referred to another club as the "tea drinkers' club."

This sort of split the community wide open, and at this gathering the crack had not entirely closed. These women were considered good Latter-day Saints, and I wondered why more of them did not give vent to their energies through the Relief Society, my pet organization of the Church. They seemed to crave excitement or glamour and to consider the Relief Society a little, should I say, too sedate for them.

In reading our Church history, one is particularly impressed by the number of doleful, mournful experiences our people passed through, leaving one to wonder if they ever had any pleasure or joy—and so with Relief Society. I don't believe the Society puts its "best foot forward." Let me tell you about one of the times when it entertained Nobility, and said, "Let there be a feast, and there was a feast."

While I don't profess to remember way back when knighthood was in bloom, I do claim to be able to recall the tail end of the Gay Nineties. Much has been written about the American way of life during this time, but, as Mormons, I suppose we were so busy cutting sagebrush, digging ditches and killing the snakes, that there was not anything so very gay about it for us. However, this was not the case up in a little Mormon community in Canada. I'll never forget mother trying to dress up to look like a Gibson Girl!

We had only been up there a few, short years, and had succeeded in establishing an outpost of civilization; it was just a year or two before the turn of the century.

Most of the saints made this eight-hundred-mile trek by wagon train in quest of land. A few were called by the Church to colonize this prairie, and, rather hurriedly, others joined them.

For those who came in quest of land their every wish was satisfied. The prairie spread out for hundreds of miles with not a fence in sight. It was all covered with luxuriant wild hay. Why the grass grew so thick that I, as a boy, couldn't find a bare spot on which to play marbles! Plowed up, this land would produce sixty bushels of wheat per acre; however some years we would have a drought, wouldn't raise anything. Most of us, coming from Utah, were irrigation-minded, and so we set about digging a canal and making an irrigation system. Nowadays we get the money from the Government and call it a proj-

ect; but in those days we had to do it ourselves, and we didn't have much with which to do it.

It was the first irrigation system in Canada, and caused favorable comments for us, as a people, throughout the country. This was indeed welcome as we had been followed by much ugly rumor from Utah.

Shortly after the completion of the canal, the bishopric received a letter saying that a person of noble lineage, who was also a very high Government official (actually a *real* English Lord) had condescended to pay us a visit ostensibly to inspect the canal, however we had a pretty good idea that we, as a people, would be scrutinized. At any rate, we were indeed thrilled at the thought of meeting His Lordship.

Of course every privilege has its responsibilities. There was the problem of entertaining His Lordship which was brought very vividly to our attention by a little English doctor, recently from England, and who was about the only gentile in our midst. While the saints bragged of having an M.D., it sort of had a hollow ring to us. It seems in those days, when an English boy graduated from a medical school, he invariably went to the colonies to "practice" on the colonials for a couple of years before returning to England to establish his profession. We knew we served more or less as guinea pigs to him, but we also knew that he was better than no doctor at all.

Upon hearing of His Lordship's intended visit, the little doctor was more or less terrified at the thought of us entertaining him. He knew only too well that our facilities for such an occasion were somewhat limited.

There were about fifty houses in the town, some of them built of sod. There were also three business houses, a little general store, a blacksmith shop and—you would never guess the other so I'll tell you—a millinery shop! My father ran the general store; he used to advertise everything from candles to coffins but there wasn't much in the store. He used to make the coffins "on order" and I used to dread hearing of someone dying of pneumonia or being dragged to death by a horse, because it meant an all-night vigil for me, holding a light by which father might see to build the coffin. He had learned the carpenter trade working on the Manti Temple before going to Canada, so bending and gluing boards, lining them with white satin inside, and white figured plush outside, and mounting the silver handles seemed to be no effort for him. But as for me, I'd get sleepy and let the light fall over, and sometimes the chimney would fall off and smash on the floor—not only that, but the next day I'd be so sleepy I could not go to the funeral. The funeral was something not to be missed in a country where nothing ever happened except snow, wind, wheat blizzards and more wind. Among the bishopric they owned a pair of beautiful black percheron stallions imported from France. In the event of a funeral, they would be hitched together to draw the hearse. It was an inspiring sight. Sometimes right in the procession they would get in a fight, but several sharp cracks of the bishop's whip would right them. It

was a sight not to be missed by any boy.

And now for the millinery store. It seems the sisters could put up with sod houses, wind, snow, and mud; but they must have their hats. In those days a hat really meant something. A man's standing in the community might be judged by the number and quality of the ostrich plumes in his wife's hat. So you see, hats were important. Hence the millinery in this outpost of civilization held a high place.

Mother used to keep her hat on the highest shelf in the house, totally out of reach of us youngsters. About twice a year it made a trip to the hat shop to have the artificial fruit polished, the moths killed in the ostrich feathers, and perhaps a little bunch of flowers added. After a few years of this the hat was indescribable. When mother would reach up and get that hat down, we youngsters knew something big was "brewing," perhaps a long trip, a visit by a General Board member from Salt Lake City or, in this case, Nobility.

AS the day for the reception drew near, the little doctor became a little more panicky. The millinery store became a beehive of activity. The bishopric contented itself with writing the speech of welcome.

The speech of welcome, we considered a masterpiece. Nearly everyone in town having had a hand in writing it. It started out by saying how proud we were to be residents (not citizens) of Canada (most of us were homesick for Utah). Then it continued by telling His Lordship in a roundabout way what fine people we were, and ended by asking him for a telegraph line, a railroad, a bridge across the St. Mary's River, and a schoolhouse. It was deemed wise not to ask him for too much at one time.

Inasmuch as the doctor spoke very good "Oxford English," it was decided he should read the speech of welcome. Not only that, but the doctor owned a pair of high-stepping, English hackney coach horses, and a rubber-tired rig. It was a luxurious outfit to be sure. So it was decided to have the doctor with the bishopric comprise the official welcoming committee.

I might add that this pair of hackneys were fed from colts through slats in the roof of the hayloft. Their water was equally high, consequently their necks grew straight up. When traveling their heads were very much erect. Should they have been turned out to pasture they would have starved, as they couldn't get their heads down to the level of the grass. I suspect the little doctor of importing these horses to impress upon us that, after all, we were just "colonials."

Nevertheless, I, as a boy, tried checking up the head of my delivery horse to look like the doctor's horses but I didn't accomplish much. The first trip out he fell down and broke the shafts of my delivery wagon.

The bishopric in those days was our police department, fire department, judge, jury and all, rolled into one. They gave the orders and we followed them out as best we could. We knew that inasmuch as the bishopric had brought us through this far, they would have no trouble in entertaining an English Lord.

The really hard part of the reception, that is the giving of the banquet, was turned over to the Relief Society. Mother used to say it seemed to her that when a job became too big for the bishopric, they turned it over to the Relief Society sisters.

The next few days drifted rather quietly along. The sisters checked their respective silverware and table linens. The bishopric put the finishing touches on the speech of welcome. The doctor had the hackneys clipped and groomed to a state of perfection. Then another letter came saying that not only was His Lordship coming, but he would be accompanied by his two beautiful daughters. To the bishopric this just meant the setting of two more plates; however they failed to realize the repercussions the news would cause among the sisters.

From reading English newspapers, the sisters knew full well the two ladies in question. They were the "toast of the Empire" and had been entertained extensively in the stately halls of Europe—Paris, Vienna—and other parts of the world. And further, the sisters felt that they could not and would not face them in their present wardrobes. After all, Mormonism was on trial in Canada.

After considerable tumult, meager savings were dug up, livestock sold, and a messenger was dispatched posthaste to the nearest city to replenish our stocks of apparel. The millinery shelves were long since bare.

Dressing up mother in those days was some job. Nearly every member in the family had a hand in it. There was the matter of the skirt, a much pleated, folded, voluminous affair of many layers. Mother, being the wife of the Store Owner who was also a High Councilman, had to dress the part. In this case she had gained a few pounds, and waist lines were supposed to be very small. We fit her to the dress, which was a simple matter. She merely went without her dinner and then, by holding her breath and wiggling a few times while father drew the corset strings taut, we got her down to a size where she could get into her dress and the "Gibson Girl" effect. But some of the sisters required a complete new outfit.

For the few days before the big event, the town was a bedlam of activity. But the day before His Lordship's arrival found everything in readiness. Table linens all pressed, silverware highly polished, and wardrobes in tiptop shape. The place of meeting was the only large house in town, and, by opening some doors, two rooms could be made into one.

After the banquet, the plans called for the townspeople to drop by in twos and threes to meet the party. After which, the doctor would drive them and the bishopric on an inspection tour of the canal. At long last, we were ready.

Early the next morning, the sisters could be seen converging on the reception house from all directions, carrying food, silverware, linen, flowers, dishes, and even furniture! It looked like a gala day except for the fact that a strong north wind had sprung up, which immediately was followed by a thunderous downpour of rain.

The prairie being very flat, soon there were floods, and after a couple

of hours of this deluge, the countryside took on the aspects of the Pacific Ocean. Every few blocks in this prairie were buffalo wallows, and, when wet, they were bottomless pits for a carriage. We began to realize that all our plans and preparations were all for naught if it did not stop raining, when up drew a carriage bearing some Church officials, members of a General Board from Utah.

This sort of complicated things for the sisters, but at least if the rain did not abate, there would be someone to eat up this feast. Needless to say these Church officials were very pleasantly surprised, if not awestruck, when they came in and beheld this banquet room resplendent with gleaming white linen, highly polished silverware, the most delicate and lovely chinaware decorated with wild flowers, and at the end of the table a beautiful red plush chair standing. It was sort of a sentinel for all that was grand. I never knew that such things existed. Needless to say being a boy I was not privileged to try it out. Some sister evidently had smuggled that chair through from Salt Lake in the back of a covered wagon, perhaps unknown to her husband. Now here it stood in all its glory surrounded by a wilderness, waiting the touch of Nobility.

As the morning drew on, the storm grew in intensity and assumed proportions of a cloudburst, and we began to realize that our chances of shaking the hand of Nobility were very slim indeed. By noon, the skies seemed to split wide open, the rain fell in sheets and the whole countryside was swimming. Luckily, we had these Church officials with us, and in those days they were always hungry, so that all our efforts wouldn't be wasted.

Shortly after noon, we had several more terrific claps of thunder and the wind and rain continued. The bishopric went into a huddle with the Relief Society president. After all the dinner was ready to be served, it seemed the Relief Society, too, had a weakness for visiting General Board members, and Nobility or no Nobility, the dinner was served.

Occupying the brilliant red plush chair in all his splendor was the bishop. He was flanked by his counselors, the Church officials, and a few prominent townspeople. Judging by the appetites of these visiting churchmen, they must have been on the road quite some time and perhaps traveling without purse or scrip.

Eventually, the dinner was all eaten up, the sisters were congratulated on being such good cooks, after which the organ was rolled out and the brethren sang a few songs.

However, having just partaken of such a sumptuous repast, they soon all settled down in chairs. The room echoed to their hymn "All Is Well, All Is Well" accompanied by the gentle patter of rain on the windows. The brethren were soon drowsy and some cat napping.

It was a peaceful scene to behold indeed—"All Is Well, All Is Well" with the exception of one little lively girl of perhaps eight years with long spindly legs, who was upstairs, downstairs, hither, thither and yon all at the same time, followed by her two pigtails.

ON one of her numerous trips, she happened, by chance, to look out the window, and wheeled and screamed—"The Lord is coming, he's coming, he's coming—and he is bringing the whole British Army with him."

Instantly the whole house seemed to be electrified—British Army, British Army, the Lord—rain—mud—no dinner—these murmurs seemed to permeate the very atmosphere of the room. At this time His Lordship's appearance would be distracting enough, but a British Army besides, in fact any army, would be most unwelcome.

The saints swarmed to the windows, and sure enough coming across those sodden, rain-soaked prairies, was a large body of horsemen. They were surely but slowly making their way straight for the house.

Only a few minutes previous, observing the bishop "enthroned" on that red plush chair, I had decided that when I grew up I wanted to be a bishop—but he was now a very distracted figure, which somewhat dampened my ardor—and the rest of the men looked as if their dinners had turned to lead.

Eventually, the party drew up on the front lawn—preceded by the little doctor bearing the speech of welcome, who took up his pre-arranged post on the porch.

His Lordship was thoroughly chilled and soaked and had to be pried out of the saddle, and he stomped into the house right past the doctor, speech of welcome and all.

His Lordship's beautiful daughters did not fare much better; they looked like two hens who had been out in the rain all night and were more to be pitied than envied.

It seemed that back at His Lordship's starting point that morning, Canadian officials had tried, in the face of such threatening weather, to prevail upon His Lordship not to attempt the trip, but he had merely shrugged his shoulders and inferred that the punctuality of the British Aristocracy was a thing not to be trifled with, and go he would, also his daughters.

Since a carriage would probably have stalled, they were all mounted. In normal weather an honor guard of perhaps twelve Royal Canadian Mounted Police would have accompanied persons of such lineage, but in this case the guard was not only doubled but trebled. We were indeed relieved to learn that "the whole British Army" had turned out to be mostly "Mounties" whom we had learned to know as protectors. As a boy, when I used to see one coming in his scarlet red coat I thought of all the bad things I'd ever done.

The Indians around us were taught that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were the sons of the "Great White Father" (King of England) and if they displeased the Mounties, the "Great White Father" would wreak vengeance on their heads.

At this point, to use a military phrase, the Relief Society "took over." They immediately discerned that what His Lordship and ladies needed most was to get warm and have their coats and other clothes dried. They went into a huddle, and after a few hurried whispers and knowing nods, they went to work with clock-like precision.

Several slipped out the back door and began catching, killing, and frying chicken as they have never done before or since. Youngsters were sent around town to spread the alarm that we were all caught "flat footed."

Other sisters set about drying His Lordship's tunic. Imagine the thrill the sisters in this outpost of civilization must have received in carefully untangling and drying the gold braid with which it was draped.

One of the bishopric was dispatched posthaste to my father's store to see if, perchance, there was anything left in it after the previous dinner. He came in the store all excited and said, "The Lord has come and there is not a bite in the house to eat! Have you anything?" My father replied, "Well I'm not surprised. I've been preaching for years if we were not more careful, the Savior would be dropping in on us and our lamps would be empty, and now this—"

They went over the store shelves and discovered seventeen cans of oysters. They were stocked in the store for such occasions as wedding receptions, visiting apostles, or, in this case, Nobility. They were so expensive it was considered next door to sacrilege to use them for anything else.

The Mounties dismounted and we turned their horses, all fifty head, into the host's haystacks. At least they were going to be well fed.

The sisters hurriedly summoned Brother Fofalite, an Italian convert, a very fine musician and our choir leader. It was common knowledge about the town that the bishopric was not any too well pleased with Brother Fofalite—it was thought that he had the choir spend too much time on operatic arias and neglected such good old hymns as "Come, Come Ye Saints" and "High On the Mountain Tops."

Nevertheless, Brother Fofalite was an expert musician, but in twenty years of farming, he was never known to raise a crop.

The sisters soon had the banquet room again in order. With the splendor of the Mounties and their scarlet red uniforms, the atmosphere of the room took on a tone of brilliance. Eventually, His Lordship and Ladies regained their composure.

Brother Fofalite appeared and accompanied on the organ a quartette of the sisters who sang, artistically, several difficult operatic renditions with which the Noble Party was very much surprised. Following this the town's "Oomph Girl" (yes, we had them in those days, too) sang a song in "rag time" which immensely pleased the Mounties, but evidently passed clear over His Lordship's head.

By this time the rain having subsided, once more the sisters began converging on the banquet house from all parts of town, bringing even more dishes, furniture, and food. My admiration certainly went out to the Relief Society sisters, even though I knew full well we'd probably be on a mush and milk diet for the rest of the summer.

The dinner was served in excellent style. The whole party was enthusiastically pleased with its reception "at the hands of the Mor-

mons." The storm lifted and they were shown the canal and sent happily on their way.

Thus the Mormons in Canada were judged and came through with flying colors. Thanks to the Relief Society and all seventeen cans of oysters, the day was saved, and we all lived happily ever afterwards. Mysteriously, that red plush chair was never seen again from that day to this.

THE EASTER GIFT

Grace M. Candland

Today

The darkened earth is filled with guilt and gloom,
Swift marching feet and screaming bomb and shell
Obscure Christ's resurrection from the tomb.

Men race to death through groaning sea and sky,
And mourning fills the breaking hearts who tell
Of youthful slain, and starving children's cry.

The gift of life is but a myth today,
Men's carnal minds rush on to living hell,
The urns of faith have fallen to decay.

Tomorrow

Come, stand beside the Easter lily fair
And look within its graceful waxen bell,
The buried bulb has risen to beauty there.

To know that from this darkness and the strife
Beyond the reach of tears and sad farewell,
There is the promise of immortal life.

Eternal message, like a flag unfurled,
Bright star of hope, no other can excel
The Easter gift unto a dying world.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, April 1, and April 15, 1885

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Editorial Notes: The General Conference of the Church will be held this year in Logan, instead of Salt Lake City. This is the second time only that the General Conference has not convened here. The other instance was in St. George in April 1877.

* * *

Correspondence: Nutrioso, Arizona, Feb. 13, 1885, Editor Exponent—

Thinking perhaps a few words from far away might be interesting is why I write. We left St. George the last of June 1883, and after an agreeable visit to Panguitch Lake and various settlements we returned to St. George to the fall conference and soon after bade adieu to our much cherished home, and the Temple and its pleasant associations. We had a very prosperous journey of 500 miles through an indescribable wilderness of sterile barrenness, and came to this place in good health and spirits, although tired, worn and weary. We here found most of our family in peace, comfort and reasonably prosperous in the midst of the saints.

This is a pleasant, fertile, but small; valley, truly in the tops of the mountains, with beautiful scenery of low hills and openings of timber for farms, with the necessary water, this being a rainy climate. We have here the best built and finest little town in Arizona; the dwellings of frame painted white, with good, substantial frame barns and outhouses; a co-operative store in healthy and prosperous condition. We have a good frame meeting house, also white, which is also our school house. Our meetings are well attended, also our day and Sunday schools, not forgetting the prosperous condition of our Primary and Relief Society.

The Brown brothers have a steam saw mill in successful operation, to whose enterprise and energy much of the prosperity of this little town is to be credited. Yours respectfully, T. C.

* * *

Letter from a Gentile, Mrs. Wells:

I take several papers, but none that I read with more interest than the Exponent. I am watching with great interest your people struggling for existence, surrounded by enemies as they are, and what the result will be I cannot yet tell; but my opinion is that riches and selfishness will be the greatest enemies your people will have to contend with. This was the great moral disease that Jesus Christ found in the world and prescribed for; and so long as your people follow His directions closely and attentively they will live and grow and prosper; but when riches, pride and selfishness grow up among you, then you will have only a form of godliness without its power, as the religious orders of this country, and the spirit of the world in all of them and the spirit of Christ not found in them.—John M. Russel.

* * *

RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

Fremont, Piute Co., Editor Exponent—

Thinking that a few words from this part of the vineyard would not be amiss we send a few words to let you know that we are alive to our duties and striving, to the best of our ability, to serve the Lord and teach the young in the ways of truth and righteousness.

Our association is in good condition, and the members are always ready, when called upon, to respond to their duties. If you think this worth space in your columns please publish. We are, as ever, the well wishers of the cause of truth. Margaret J. Taylor, President, Sarah A. Allred, Secretary, Anna S. Taylor, Ass't. Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. MARTHA SPENCER WOODWARD has passed away at the age of ninety-six. She was a daughter of Martha Knight Spencer and Orson Spencer, pioneer author and first regent of the University of Deseret. Inheriting her father's literary tastes, she was the prime mover in organizing the Ladies' Literary Club in Salt Lake City.

RETURNING from European battle fronts, Anne O'Hare McCormick says that, seen from a cold spur of the Apennines, the old Main Street that had seemed "drab and standardized and cramping" to American boys, looks like "some gold-paved thoroughfare in Paradise."

IN her medical student days, Mrs. Lillian Bettinger developed a "guilt feeling" because of the destructiveness of dissecting human bodies. She compensated by sculpturing as a hobby. Later as assistant to a famous plastic surgeon, she utilized both these anatomical and artistic skills in developing the best method known today of making artificial fingers, noses, hands and other "prosthetic" parts, even matching remarkably the shade of human skin (and there are two million shades of skin). People typewrite and perform other near-miracles with these parts. Her system has helped thousands of soldiers; she hopes soon to help war-crippled children.

VIEING with General MacArthur in popularity among service boys and girls, Lieutenant Colonel Jane ("Ma") Clement, director of nurses in the entire Southwest Pacific area has been retired after two years' incredibly strenuous service overseas. She was fifty-six, and long past the retirement age.

BEULAH GREENWALT and three other army nurses of Corregidor and Bataan were among the prisoners freed in Luzon. Miss Greenwalt was the "Peggy" of *They Were Expendable*.

ANNALEE WHITMORE JACOBY, former top movie-script writer, who miraculously escaped imprisonment at Bataan, is now in Asia reporting war news, one of the most strenuous and difficult assignments possible for a woman.

ROSEMARY TAYLOR'S *Ridin' the Rainbow*, the story of her father's life in Tucson, is a humorous sequel to the story of her mother, *Chicken Every Sunday*.

ROSE FRANKEN, author of *Claudia*, has produced another play on Broadway, *Soldier's Wife*.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 32 APRIL 1945 NO. 4

An Appreciation

ANOTHER birthday of Relief Society has just passed. Anniversary programs held throughout the Church testified to the love of the women for their organization and to the appreciation of the members of the Church for its efforts and accomplishments.

The milestone reached on March 17, 1945 reminds us that Relief Society women have been working, serving, and studying together for 103 years. Their organization which was founded by a prophet of God on a broad, liberal, and adequate foundation has enabled them to meet assignments, requirements, and needs as they have occurred during this long period of time.

Their experiences in this great Society, dedicated to service and education, have been manifold, varied, and stimulating. In their labors they have learned how to be helpful in overcoming the difficulties and hardships of daily life, how to be helpful in solving problems incident to migration and pioneering, and how to be helpful in the adjustments and readjustments confronting individuals, families, and society in this great century of changes and developments resulting from discoveries, inventions and new and different conditions. And because of these activities which have constantly required strength, foresight, and ingenuity, and because of the intelligent study put forth in regular class work, learning how best to live and improve and enrich life, great development has come to these earnest and able workers.

Thus it is seen that the Relief Society with its two-fold program has brought unusual opportunity to the women of the Church who have partaken of its advantages—opportunity for human service and opportunity for spiritual, intellectual, and emotional development. Through human service there has been engendered in their hearts a love and sympathy for others, the spirit of the golden rule, and that respect for human personality which was taught and practiced by the Master himself. And through regular educational study and research the lives of all who participated have been enriched. Their motto has been "The Glory of God Is Intelligence."

To the women of the past we pay tribute. We are indebted to them for their vision, self-sacrificing efforts, and untiring labors. They have left us a rich heritage of faith and devotion to the Relief Society cause and to the restored gospel. Their testimonies of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and their lives of service to the Church have been an inspiration and strength to us.

To our co-workers, we offer congratulations for their like devotion and fortitude and for their great accomplishments in these days of apprehension and anxiety. Our prayer is that the Lord will bless and sustain them.

And to the new and vigorous young leaders and workers who are coming into the service we say, look backward as well as forward; strive to properly evaluate the past and use it as a foundation for the future; and look forward with faith and a long view.

A.B.L.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Maude Hatch Benedict

When I am gone, will eager children look
Within the pages of this time-worn book,
Their questing eyes find nothing here to show
Fulfilled ambition, finished task; will they know
Pride—that I left footprints here below?

Will all the little tasks of love be lost
Forever, as a fluff of thistledown—
No heartache, tears, frustration's cost,
Nor valor shown, when I am gone—
No thing of me to spur them to go on?

Or will they say of me, "she still belongs,
Her life was made of sunshine and of songs,
Where she walked some radiant memory
Of charm, of wit, of kindliness in giving,
The paths she trod made surer by her living!"

Will they smile, a wee bit wistfully,
While thumbing through this dog-eared old scrapbook—
And for a moment will they pause to listen
For my heartbeat in its pages; will they look
Further, wishing to know more of me,
And close the book—a tear left to my memory!

Come in for Dessert

Edna K. Ward

THE homemaker today who must be hostess, cook, and maid is discovering many short cuts. Elaborate entertaining, and many-course, complicated meals went out with whipped cream and two-inch-thick steaks. Entertaining at all might require justification with so many homemakers working in war industries, busy in Red Cross canteens and sewing centers, serving as nurses' aids, and Gray Ladies. Returning home worn from the work of the day, it requires courage to undertake the entertainment of our friends, and yet it is in times of stress that the companionship of the friends we see so seldom gives a lift to their morale and also to our own. If we can find a way to extend this courtesy with simplicity, consistent with rationing restrictions, we may foster the place of the home in the lives of our children and our friends.

The trend of modern life in America has seemed to be away from the home and home interests. A dinner downtown or at some club, lunches and snacks at the drugstore for children as well as adults, has made the home mean less in the lives of many than it did in pioneer days. Home influence has decreased in direct proportion. No one has time for elaborate meals these days, but any meal should be worthy of the time you do give it. Badly planned meals are neither fun to prepare nor to eat; the food that appears daily on your table has to be prepared by someone—and that someone must like what she is doing or the result will be far from satisfactory. For cooking is a peculiar occupation; to succeed, it must combine the best of both work and hobby. Only when cooking is viewed and approached as an art, which it is, is the burdensome repitition of the task turned into a self-gratifying performance. If you give it your heart and mind it can be as satisfying as painting pictures. Colorful china, linen, flowers from your garden are your "brushes and oils." With them you can create a background that makes even the simplest meal more glamorous. Foods in themselves have their own natural beauty. It's mixing them up—the reds, greens, yellows and whites—that gives your meals the most appetizing effect. Though the first impression of the dining table is only momentary, like a landscape just before sunset, the real fun is in creating it, and that will last until you create another. And there's more involved in it than just the "looks."

Digestion depends upon the psychological reaction to our senses. Food that is well cooked and nicely served creates a healthful response in the attitude of the mind toward food. Emotional disturbances, fear, anger, anxiety, unrest banish appetite and stop the flow of the digestive juices. Happy influences, harmony, and beauty stimulate and promote these vital functions.

TABLE SET FOR DESSERT

And so in these busy times let's make home meals and company meals as simple and nutritious and beautiful as possible. To simplify home entertaining even more, it is possible to substitute a single course —invite your friends for dessert. This touch of hospitality may be the occasion for a pleasant evening at home. It is hoped the suggestions given in this article may call forth original ideas that will be practical in the individual home. In planning an evening dessert, the invitation can be extended on short notice. A call on the telephone in the morning with the explanation that you are serving only dessert, and arranging an hour convenient to both hostess and guest, makes the occasion informal. The hour may be seven-thirty or eight o'clock. The planning must include the table setting and the menu, and perhaps the entertainment to follow.

A small table may be set for four in the living room or the dining-room table may be used for a larger group. This is an invitation to use our choice pieces of china and silver —the lovely compotes that mother prized or the chocolate pot that father brought from England or Germany when he returned from his mission. The table cover may be doilies or a luncheon cloth. The table mirror makes an attractive foundation for the display of a low centerpiece of ivy, leaf, berry, fruit or blossoms, each in season. Candles always add soft light to any evening meal. The service should be your

nicest dessert plates or crystal sherbets with dessert spoons and forks. If hot chocolate or postum is used, the hostess may serve it at the table in either tea cups or after-dinner cups. The dessert also may be served by the host or hostess at the table. If one does not have help, to have everything on the table eliminates the confusion of someone leaving to bring things from the kitchen. Salted nuts are easily prepared at home and can be included, and homemade candy will always be appreciated. A few suggestive menus and recipes are given at the end of this article.

AFTER lingering in the candlelight with good food and interesting conversation, the party may move to the living room and its cheery fire, or to the summer terrace. A planned evening might include discussion of current events, of civic problems or neighborhood projects, a book review, a report on a current magazine. Too often magazines in the home are read by only one member and the contents are unread by the others. Much valuable and interesting material is appearing in the better magazines today. If one or more of those present would undertake the review of some article of interest, it would be a stimulus to his own development and of interest to all. For those who like music, an evening of singing around the piano can be delightful, as can also be an evening spent in listening to recorded symphonies. If a guest is known to have a hobby, he may like to demonstrate it or discuss it, and games always make an evening enjoyable.

In these changing times should thought not be given to the preservation of the home and the re-establishment of its place in the lives of both children and adults? Practically all entertainment was provided by the members of the family in former times, with a resultant development of those taking part. Such growth is not promoted by sitting in a darkened movie under the emotional drive of scene and symbol in a world of unreality. Whatever one can do to add to the meaning of the home will be helpful in maintaining the kind of citizenship that has made America strong. Every mother who gives thought and care and effort to the creation of an interesting and cultured home, adds a touch of sweetness and enrichment to the lives of all who spend an hour within its walls. Home is a woman's rightful throne.

Suggestions

For a spring evening use a bowl of violets with yellow doilies or tablecloth, and have a tiny violet corsage on each napkin (for the men, too).

Serve: Meringued peaches*, custard sauce*, cookies, lemonade, or orange-cream-filled* sponge cake, hot postum.

Green is spring's own choice. With green doilies use your best white china and white lilacs. Your table will look as crisp as a white starched pinafore.

Serve: Vanilla ice cream with hot cherry sauce or crushed strawberries, warm cup cakes, french chocolate* or lemon meringue pie, beverage.

**Meringued Peaches:*

Drain canned peaches or peel, stone, and cut in half fresh peaches. Place on cookie sheet or baking pan. Top with

meringue, leaving in peaks. Place in oven and bake 325° for 10-15 minutes. Do not cook too fast.

Meringue:

Add two tablespoons sugar to each egg white. Add ⅛ teaspoon baking powder. Beat egg white until stiff. Add the sugar and baking powder and beat until glossy.

**Custard Sauce:*

1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
1 tbsp. flour
Vanilla flavoring
½ cup cream.

Beat egg yolks, add the sugar and flour. Gradually add the scalded milk, cook until thickened. (Use a double boiler to prevent scorching.) Cool. Add flavoring. Whip cream and fold into the custard.

To obtain cream for whipping: Spoon top carefully from milk bottles (not the children's milk). From a 2-quart bottle you can get 12-16 teaspoons of cream that will whip. Save in refrigerator in a bottle until you have enough (3-4 days).

**Orange-Cream Filling:*

¾ cup sugar
5 tbsp. flour
½ teasp. salt
1 tbsp. orange rind
½ cup hot water
1 cup orange juice
4 egg yolks
2 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. lemon juice

Mix sugar, salt, flour, and orange rind. Add orange juice and hot water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. (Use double boiler or turn heat low.) Add beaten egg yolks and butter and continue to cook 3-5 minutes. Add lemon juice, beating thoroughly, and cool.

Split sponge cake and spread on thickly, and fill center hole. Frost with seven-minute icing or whipped cream.

**French Chocolate:*

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
½ cup water
Hot milk
¾ cup sugar
Dash of salt
¾ cup cream

Combine chocolate and water and cook for 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Add sugar and salt and cook 4-6 minutes longer. Cool. Whip cream and fold in. Place one rounding tablespoon in each cup, and pour over hot milk. Stir to blend.

Serve at the table, putting chocolate mixture in a silver bowl and hot milk in that special pot or pitcher.

The chocolate mixture may be kept in the refrigerator for several days.

THE CUPBOARD OF MY MIND

Ann Young Hughes

My thoughts are pretty dishes,
The cupboard is my mind,
Where cups are filled with wishes
Of almost every kind.

The saucer thoughts are shallow—
I throw them all away
For lovely bowls that hallow
My heartfelt thoughts today.

This rare old china platter
I fill with gems, and song,
And these I daily scatter
To help some soul along.

This urn of pain, not pleasure,
Is cherished fragile ware
That holds my rarest treasure—
The thoughts of friends who care.

Perennials For All-Year Blossoming

Hazel D. Moyle

"FLOWERS are among God's finest thoughts of beauty, taking form to gladden mortal gaze—bright gems of earth, in which, perchance, we see what Eden was—what Paradise may be!" These are the sentiments of a famous philosopher.

Do we not, then, need flowers round our homes now as never before to comfort our spirits and give us hope and courage during these dark and busy war times?

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give—
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for words.

So said the poet Wordsworth. Let us not deprive ourselves of these lovely symbols of truth and beauty: every home should be a citadel of tranquillity—during these troubled times, a place where our faith can be restored and our dreams renewed. We need our flower gardens in which to reclaim our ideals—but just how are we to find time to grow flowers, with the daily schedule of everyone already so overcrowded?

The answer may be found in the planting of perennial flowers, for these plants are more or less permanent additions to the garden, once they have become established. The perennials live over year after year, many of them giving increasing bloom and beauty as the years pass. They become old friends, reappearing with punctual precision each at its appointed time.

We have chosen six well-known and easy-to-grow perennials as being essential for every garden, for by planting these six indispensables any home flower lover can enjoy bloom from spring until fall frosts arrive, and almost every back yard can find room and time to cultivate such a simple planting.

While there are many other beautiful and worthy flowers that can be grown without a great deal of skill or extra work, we believe the following should be in every garden, not only for their desirability and beauty, but because they thrive with ordinary care in almost any location.

The peony comes first on the list, because it is the earliest to bloom and also because of its long life. Last year I saw a fine old peony plant that had flowered each spring for thirty-five years without replanting—and it was a garden in itself with its great mass of nearly fifty large double blooms.

Remember, when you set out roots of the peony next fall (for this plant should never be planted in spring), that in order to enjoy such a performance of flowers, perhaps for the rest of your lifetime, you should see that it is planted correctly. Choose a spot in *full* sun, well

away from trees and overhanging growth, and dig a hole at least two feet deep. In the lower half of this hole you must place good, rich nourishment for those future years of bloom, old barnyard manure should be used generously and well tramped down. Then a layer of ordinary, good garden loam should be thrown in, upon which to set the roots. The pink buds or eyes should be placed one inch below the surface of the soil—this is of the greatest importance for too deep planting is the cause of many failures in blooming—firm this soil well before planting, so the new roots do not settle too deeply, then fill up the hole and water well.

Choosing from the bewildering wealth of lovely and desirable varieties offered in the catalogues, becomes a major problem for any flower lover, but if you will use the rating of each kind as given by the American Peony Society, printed plainly in front of the description in all reliable catalogues, this will assist you greatly in making your choice. Good points are rated up to ten which would make a perfect flower. There are actually some with the highest rating of 9:09 that are now very cheap in price. Any variety receiving a rating of 8 or more should be a good choice, those of lower rating usually having some fault or other.

Remember that by choosing early, midseason, and also late-blooming varieties, you can enjoy a long season of bloom, and, if you have room, do include that grand old flower, the Decoration Day peony, officinalis. This is available in pink, red and white. It is a flower of satiny luster and it also blooms two weeks or more before other varieties.

The second perennial on our list is the *iris* . . . . and who would do without this wonderful flower! Designed just for the busy gardener, this accepts our hot, dry climate with amiability, demanding little care. Ordinary unmanured soil suits it well, its one absolute requirement being an open, sunny situation.

In order to bring out the full beauty of the lovely, silken iris flower, the plants should be well watered while buds are forming, and during the flowering. (You can prolong the blooms and make them much larger, too, by watering generously at this time.) But for the rest of the year they can stand neglect.

If you have not grown any of the newer varieties of iris, then you have a treat in store. Every garden should find room for the exquisite, great, orchid-like bloom of the variety "William Mohr," which can now be purchased for a mere trifling twenty-five cents. A still newer and lovelier variety in named "Ormohr," costing a dollar or more. Iris experts have recently produced one named "Elmohr," the same breath-taking size and beauty, but taller and of a deeper colored mulberry-purple. Being a rare, new type (producing a seven-inch flower), this demands a high price, however, in a few years, we can all enjoy it at a reasonable price.

"Purissima," a beauteous white variety, and "Wabash," notable prize-winner with great blue-purple falls and white standards, also deserve every gardener's consideration —but choose for yourself according

to your own tastes and purse and space.

Iris can be transplanted at almost any season, even when in full bloom. So if you see some flower that you covet, this coming June, there is no reason why you should not take a start home with you.

THE third perennial on our list is the flaunting *oriental poppy*. For sheer glamour and breath-taking beauty, one need look no farther than the new varieties of this fine old flower with their beautiful, silken flowers of such melting colors as coral, geranium-pink, flame, cerise and shell-pink. The finest of all is named "Wonderkinnde," a great flower of lustrous watermelon pink, as large as a dinner plate.

This plant has one strict requirement: it should be planted during its dormant season, which is from August until late fall. Spring planting brings only failure, so plan to order your plants when the poppies bloom during late June and July. Once established, there are few more faithful garden subjects, and their requirements are just ordinary garden care.

July brings the splendid towers of blue of the modern *delphiniums*. Even one or two of these spire-like flowers can lift any garden out of the ordinary. While these proud blooms require a little more attention in staking and watering than others of our list, they are well worth the trouble. A lower and more spreading type named "Delphinium Belladonna" can be grown with less care, and is longer lived than the tall new hybrids. Both are desirable and worthwhile.

The midsummer *phlox* is number five on our list—where could we find a finer flower for this time of year? The great, magnificent heads of bloom can now be had in a bewildering variety of vibrant and flaming colors. In cooler sections of Utah and Idaho this perennial fairly outdoes itself. Plant your phlox in moist ground where they receive morning sun, but where they are shaded in the late afternoon. And if yours is a hot, dry garden, prepare the ground well with very old manure, then mulch the surface each spring with peat moss, lawn clippings, or more old manure. And if the flower heads are clipped off as soon as they have faded, others will form just below, and you can enjoy phlox for many weeks. Soak the plants deeply by allowing the hose to run without a nozzle during the blooming period.

Our last flower is the *chrysanthemum*, for this is the queen of all fall flowers and can bring an entire new season of beauty into your garden. Recent hybridizing has brought us many new types and varieties, many being very early bloomers and valuable in colder sections where ordinary chrysanthemums seldom flower. The University of Minnesota has worked for years on an early and extra-hardy strain, and a splendid list of kinds and colors of these are now available as well as many other desirable new kinds and colors.

The cushion mums, growing into a low, bush-like plant, each so floriferous that one plant becomes a garden in itself, are also brilliant and lovely. One can now have chrysanthemums of almost any height, color or type.

Chrysanthemums will do in just

ordinary good garden loam, but will pay handsome dividends in deep color and profuse bloom if the plants are given a little extra feeding during the growing year. This is easily done by applying a one-inch mulch of old, well-rotted manure (cow manure is best) around each plant at two-or-three-week intervals. First cultivate the surface, then apply the manure, and follow immediately with a thorough, deep soaking, preferably with the nozzle of the hose removed. Do not sprinkle as this sometimes brings mildew. This mulch helps to keep the soil moist at the same time it supplies mild feeding.

With this, our sixth perennial, the year is brought to a close with a brilliant fanfare, a fitting farewell to summer. And the joyous part is that these same plants do not die, but when spring once more returns they arise from their winter's sleep in response to some mysterious call—

The gentle heat and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins,
Then, at the call, emboldened out they come,
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun and entertain the day.

"Spring"—Dryden

THE RESTLESS HEART

Courtney E. Cottam

Do not seek for me in the quiet heart
Of a June-blown, golden rose,
Nor in the twilight-shadowed pause
That marks the daytime's close.

Look for me where the poppy breaks,
In a splash of flaming red;
Where lightning opens a silver path,
There my dancing feet will tread.

For mine is a restless, burning heart,
That spurns the weakling's cry;
My pagan soul serves the storm god's might—
In spirit, the fearing die!

The Strength of the Pack

Mary Petterson

"MOTHER, why are you up so early? It's only a quarter after six!" Jane exclaimed as she came into the kitchen in her night gown.

Her mother continued to sift flour into her mixing bowl till the sifter was empty. Setting it down she said firmly, "Don't you realize what there is to do today? I have to be in court for Steven at half past nine."

Jane's mouth made ready to answer, but her mother, anticipating contradiction, went on to say, "I know I don't have to be there till ten o'clock, but I want to be off the street before everyone in this community is on his way to work or to shop. Besides I'll have to prepare something for lunch that I can set down in a hurry, because you know I'm due at the Supply Depot at one o'clock."

"It makes me sick to think that Steve would be so silly as to get into a scrape with that tramp of a Rink Shader. When I asked him what he did it for he told me it was none of my business. I'd like to know if it isn't," Jane finished scornfully.

Jane's mother turned and faced her, "He's my son and I don't want you to talk that way about Steven, but he was wrong to tell you it was none of your business. It is the whole family's business. What we'll have to do is to try to keep it from happening again. We must try to help him to live above his mistake, not drive him to do worse things. I feel as if it were all my fault," she sighed.

"I don't see why," Jane protested.

"I do, and it's hard to take," her mother answered remorsefully.

Jane lapsed into self-praise. "See what I've done, I've kept myself and helped you with the living expense. I've had nice friends, too."

Mrs. Paige answered in a kindlier tone, "Yes, you've done fine, but you must remember we've sort of worked together," and for the first time Jane noticed that her mother had been crying.

"I'll come right back and help you, Mother," Jane said sympathetically, as she hurried off to dress.

"Jane," her mother called into the hall, "be careful not to waken Lorna, but when you get dressed go upstairs and rouse Dwight and Ned. Breakfast is at seven this morning."

Steven came into the kitchen with his shoes in his hand and sat down to put them on. His mother looked at him sadly. "Here is a clean shirt, and you had better put on your best shoes, I want you to look neat and respectable. Hurry and get dressed because you know you have to report at school before you come to court."

Mrs. Paige walked hurriedly along the streets of Riverton. She carried no umbrella though rain seemed imminent. Above all, she hoped she would not meet nor be overtaken by anyone she knew. She was too full of doubts and regrets to carry on conversation. She remembered how often in her sorrow her

friends had persuaded her to get out among people. "Children that are watched too much don't get along any better than those that are put on their own responsibility" had been offered as sound advice.

Just as she reached the street corner on the opposite side from the court house, she saw Judge Alden ascending the steps. She quickened her gait, wishing to speak with him before he settled down to office routine. She entered the main hall just as he was going into his office, "Good morning, Mrs. Paige," he said cheerfully, and closed the door.

Full of misgiving and disappointment, she went into the Juvenile Court and seated herself on the east side of the room, four seats back from the Judge's table.

A crash of thunder echoed through the building and the rain began to fall copiously. She sat watching the ever-flooding window, lost in the problem which faced her. At length she murmured, "There's no use of talking to the Judge about my trouble. I know the ins and outs of it myself." She remembered the day when Steven had come in confidently and asked, "Mother, will you buy me a wheel, nearly all the boys have one?"

"No! I can't afford to buy you a bicycle," she had replied curtly, "now let that end it." He had not spoken more, and she recalled now that he had never mentioned it again. She felt she had neglected her children and her duty as a mother, and began twisting her blue fabric gloves into rope-like firmness, as she tried to think what she could do to get control over her children and her affairs. She shook the gloves loose as a thought shaped itself in her mind. I'll try and get Steven away from Rink Shader. I'll sell my house and move to a better neighborhood. She visioned her house and yard in detail. How shabby it all was, no one would buy it. Then another thought came to her. It wouldn't do any good to sell, all the children in the town attended the same school. It was not the location of one's home nor the failings of neighbors that brought one sorrow, it was one's own shortcomings. She put her hand over her eyes, "Father in heaven what shall I do?" she prayed.

Just then the sun came from behind the clouds and shown full on the rain-drenched window, as when a child smiles through its tears. The light on the window brought her to a realization of where she was. She straightened her shoulders against the back of the bench and noticed that everyone connected with the case was in his seat, except the delinquent boys. What if they had decided to ignore the appointment! She cringed at the thought, but then she saw them coming through a side door, all eyes turned upon them. The Judge nodded toward them and indicated the chairs they were to occupy. Rink led the way, shamefaced and dejected. He didn't expect anyone to sympathize with him, he would tell the Judge the truth and that was all he could do. Steven followed. His head was held high as if he were determined to face his mistake like a man, though it could be seen by his pale face and set mouth that he had suffered. Tears gathered in his mother's eyes at the thought of his misdemeanor. As he sat down he cast

a furtive glance around the room, and caught the sympathetic gaze of his mother which gave him assurance. He sat up straight, his right hand holding the left one firmly.

Mrs. Paige listened intently to the court proceedings, the first one she had ever attended.

The Judge said seriously and yet with a tone of kindness in his voice, "Rinkler Shader how old are you?"

"I'll be thirteen the ninth of May."

"What does your father do?"

"He's a brakeman on the S.P."

"Does your mother work any place outside your home?"

"My mother is dead, but Aunt Mattie keeps house."

"Rinkler, I want you to tell me just how you got the idea to steal the bicycle."

"Oh, I've wanted a wheel for a long time, and Trent Gage told me he could buy anything he wanted—'nd I thought if he's so rich he'd never miss the wheel."

The Judge raised his brows, "Remember, my boy, if you take anything that belongs to another whether he be rich or poor, that is stealing."

Turning to Miss Anson the Judge asked, "Do you have any trouble with this boy in school?"

"No, I wouldn't call it trouble. Rinkler has his faults, but I've never known him to lie or steal."

"Steven Paige, stand please," the Judge ordered.

Steven rose and faced the Judge with a confident, co-operative attitude.

After a few personal questions which the boy answered promptly, Judge Allen asked "How long before Trent lost his bicycle did you know that Rinkler was going to steal it?"

"Oh, I didn't know he was going to steal it, but I knew he had wanted a wheel for a long time," Steven replied anxiously.

"When did you first know that he had stolen the wheel?" the Judge persisted.

"When I went with him to get it out of its hiding place, I thought something was wrong," Steven answered candidly.

"What did he promise you if you wouldn't tell where he got it?" the Judge suggested.

"I asked him where he got it, and he said, 'Never mind where I got it, we are going to have it for our own,' " Steven stated fearlessly.

"Don't you know that to use that which has been obtained dishonestly is next to stealing?" the Judge demanded almost fiercely.

"No, sir," Steven replied, amazed at the serious attitude of the Judge.

The Judge leaned back in his chair, "I think you boys are very ignorant of the difference between right and wrong, and, I want you to report to the probation officer every Friday afternoon at four o'clock, until he tells you that you are dismissed. Will you do that?" the Judge asked, addressing Steven.

"Yes, sir, we will be there every Friday afternoon at four o'clock," Steven affirmed, and Rink nodded his head in agreement.

"All right, boys, you are excused. Now, don't forget to come." Then addressing the court: "If there is nothing further, the court is dismissed." As he gathered up his papers, he noticed that Mrs. Paige still sat in her place. "Did you wish to speak to me?" he asked kindly.

"Not now, thank you. I think I had better go home at once, though I may come and see you soon," she smiled gratefully. Rising resolutely she nodded to Miss Shader and Miss Anson, who were in close conversation, and left the room.

OUTSIDE the air was stimulating. The sun was still shining, but it was blowing a little, and dark clouds were driving across the sky toward the east. Mrs. Paige hurried along, searching her mind for a clue that would develop into a workable plan whereby she might go on with her work and still keep the children busy at something useful. So deep was the trend of her thoughts that she was home before she knew it, but she had made her decision.

Filled with energy and purpose she set the table, taking more pains than she had done since John's death.

Steven rushed in all out of breath. "My, that's a scrumptious lunch. May I eat right now?"

"Guess so, but where are the others? Didn't they get out when you did?" she asked apprehensively.

"Yes, but I hurried. I have to get back and make up the work I missed this morning when I went to court," he replied seriously.

At the mention of "court" Mrs. Paige's face took on a grave expression.

"Shucks, Mother, don't be worried. Just because I was with Rink doesn't mean that I was stealing," Steven declared stoutly.

"I'm glad it isn't any worse, but you know what the Judge said. You accepted the use of the bicycle when you felt it was not right for Rink to keep it," she replied, looking at him keenly.

"Yes, but the Judge doesn't understand. I didn't know that was like stealing," Steven defended.

"It's just this way, Steven, you can't have anything to do with wrongdoing without getting tainted. I tell you we've got to get hold of ourselves and understand each other. I want to help you all I can, but if you are not going to stand by me I'll have to give up," she said with finality.

"Aw, Bus says your parents have to take care of you. He said his dad tried to run that bluff on him, but it wouldn't work," Steven divulged with bravado.

Mrs. Paige was astonished to hear Steven repeat such remarks. "I don't care what Bus says. It's what you say that matters to me. What are you going to do?"

"How can I help without any money?" he asked discouragedly.

"Help! You have been helping all the time. How would I have managed if you hadn't taken Lorna down to Aunt Nell's every morning, and then come back in time to help Dwight and Ned off to school? If you'll do what I want you to do, we'll find a way to make money honestly, and we will be able to buy anything we need."

"What will we do?" Steven asked doubtfully.

"I'm working on a plan which I think will be just what we want. When I get it worked out we are going to have a family home-meeting and discuss it. It just concerns our own family, so keep it a secret till we all decide what to do," she explained cheerily.

"Oh, that will be swell," Steven

beamed with enthusiasm. "Golly, look at the time! I'll have to go."

Jane came in just as Steven was leaving. He didn't look at her, but she noticed how pale he looked. She sat down at the table silently, and began to unfold her paper napkin.

Mrs. Paige brought two plate lunches to the table. "I waited to eat with you," she said as she moved up her chair. "I've at last awakened to my duty. When I realize how I've left the boys to their own thoughts and ways, I'm ashamed! We don't know who their friends are. It breaks my heart to think how I've shushed them when they wanted to come in to play on a stormy night. From now on I want them to come inside and bring their friends, so I can know them and help them all to know right from wrong."

"That will mean a lot of work and worry, goodness knows we have enough to do now," Jane reminded.

"No, we can make it a pleasure and not a hardship if we manage it rightly," her mother answered confidently, and continued to elaborate on the necessity of knowing with whom the boys played.

Jane thought, I simply can't understand what's changed mother; but she did not speak. She looked at her watch as she rose from the chair, "Oh, it's a quarter to one."

"I'll go now, too," her mother decided, "I can leave the table just as it is. Steven knows what to do."

The two women left the house together, but their minds were miles apart, the one lighthearted and carefree, the other carrying the responsibility of guiding a family into ways of righteousness.

It had been Mrs. Paige's intention to sound Jane out as to what she thought could be done about conditions at home.

"Oh I don't know, Mother, what would be best to do, but I'm willing to help in whatever you decide," Jane promised.

As the girl went to her work, her mother reminded her, "We hold our first home-meeting tonight." Mrs. Paige walked on, she was amazed at the possibilities which kept coming to her mind.

THAT very night, after supper, she told the children about her plan, and they were delighted with it and pledged to do all they could to make it a success.

"Do you remember the story of the wolves, how they worked together?" their mother asked, her eyes glowing with enthusiasm.

"Yes," Dwight answered, "all their leader needed to do was to give a loud howl and the wolves came racing through the forest, barking once in a while to let him know they were coming, and soon the whole pack would be there, ready to take orders."

"Yes, that's just what they did. They seemed to live up to this rule, that 'the wolf is the strength of the pack and the pack is the strength of the wolf.' We are going to be like that, we'll work together no matter what comes," she finished firmly.

They all agreed on their officers. Steven was made president, his mother, vice president, Dwight was appointed secretary-treasurer, and Jane became the chairman of the

ways and means committee with Ned and Lorna for helpers.

"I think mother's plan for gardening is the best thing she could have thought out," Steven, as president, declared, after his mother had disclosed her plan. "Let's decide on what we'll plant right now."

Mrs. Paige suggested that beans which could be sold, should occupy the greater part of the garden plot and that they should also raise plenty of other vegetables for home use. She agreed to pay the treasurer market prices for whatever she used in the kitchen.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mrs. Paige called Lorna and whispered to her. Lorna, smiling happily, went into the kitchen cabinet and brought out a dish of mixed candy and nuts, which she passed to each member, while her mother instructed the boys on how to clean up the yard, and then told them she had already engaged a man for the next day to spread the fertilizer and help do the digging.

As Mrs. Paige neared her home the next night, she knew by the sounds coming from the back yard that the boys were at work. Rink is there, too, I can hear him talking, she thought. She went around to the back and stood looking on. He was the first to spy her. "Don't you think we're doing a good job, Mrs. Paige?" he laughed, the perspiration running down his face.

"You certainly are, but doesn't your aunt need you?" she replied a little coldly.

"Oh, I've done my chores, 'nd I thought I'd help Steve work on the yard, if you don't mind," he finished, fearing her disapproval.

"Of course I don't mind. I think it's nice of you to want to help," she praised, and went into the house.

As she removed her suit to put on her house dress, she could still see how his expression had changed when she had praised him a little. I just can't be mean to him, she decided. He is so anxious to please, and he has some good traits that I like, he tells the truth and he isn't lazy. I wish I could help him. His Aunt Mattie is too easygoing and his father is the kind of a man who never seems to realize how much a child needs guidance, she reflected.

ONE afternoon in July when Mrs. Paige came home, Steven was busy in the garden. He saw her coming and called happily, "Mother, come and see the garden. Did you ever see so many beans in all your life?"

"I've never seen vines more heavily laden. We'll have to pick them soon, but we must be careful not to destroy the vines," she answered, remembering that there would be many pickings.

The next evening Mrs. Paige returned to find that the beans had all been picked. "Oh, Steven, why did you do it before you had customers to buy them?" she reasoned.

Steven looked crestfallen, "I never thought of that."

Mrs. Paige bit her lip, "Well, the only thing we can do is to cover them up with wet cloths till morning."

Early the next day, Dwight and Ned were sent out with samples of beans to try and find customers among the neighbors, but they had little success.

"Steven, you'll have to go farther, to the homes where they buy all their vegetables. The boys can never sell all these around here."

"Oh, I can't sell them, I don't want to go asking people to buy beans."

Just then Rink came around the house. "Jiminy, what a lot of beans! Did you get all them out of your patch, Steve?"

"Yes, and now he hates to go and sell them," Mrs. Paige interposed.

"Come on, Steve, I'll go with you." Rink filled a small pail with beans and the two started off.

They tried several places without selling any. Becoming discouraged they sat down by the roadside, wondering what to do.

All at once Rink brightened, "There comes Chinese John! I'll bet he'll buy 'em. He told Aunt Mattie that all his beans got flooded out," Rick explained as he ran out into the road holding up the beans. "Hi, John you want to buy some beans? Only ten cents a pound."

John drew on the reins. "Bleans! Yi, Yi, me bly bleans. Low M'lany?"

"Forty pounds" Steven gladly spoke up.

John turned his cart around and followed the boys home. Mrs. Paige was astonished when she saw Chinese John pass the window with two baskets over his shoulders, but she did not go out for she wanted Steven to manage the selling. Presently, Steven and Rink came in with four dollars and twenty cents, the price of forty-two pounds of beans, and Steven said with a business air, "Mother, give this to the treasurer when he comes."

EARLY one warm forenoon in August, Mrs. Paige sat thinking, as she worked, of her experience during the summer. Everything was beginning to turn out according to her plan. It was true there had been some drawbacks, but she was satisfied with the results so far. One thing, especially, pleased her. She had been a help to the boys in her entire neighborhood, for the victory garden idea had spread, and nearly every child was busily and happily working in a garden.

She was just rejoicing over the success of her example when Steven came in all out of breath, "Mother, Rink and Bus are going up East Canyon to fish and stay all night, let me go with them, please," he pleaded.

"Oh, I wouldn't go if I were you. We are all going up there to stay a few days next week. The boys might go then as your guests. Let me see, today is probation day isn't it? Remember you musn't miss it," she admonished.

"I don't want to go next week. I want to go now!" he replied, and dashed out of the house.

Steven was not home at lunch time, but he had never, up to now, openly disobeyed her, so she trusted that he had not gone, and she went to work at one o'clock as usual.

When she returned, Lorna came running to meet her as she did every night, "Mother, Steven's gone a-fishing with Rink and Bus," she confided.

"He has!" Mrs. Paige exclaimed in surprise. She took hold of the child's hand with a deep sense of defeat.

By evening there was still no

word from Steven. His mother went about preparing the supper as if nothing unusual was on her mind, but she was troubled. Just as the family finished the dessert Steven came in with several fish threaded in the crotch of a willow bough. His mother exclaimed, "Well, here you are at last! Put the fish in that pan in the sink and come and eat now." The children were delighted with the fish, but their mother made no comment.

Later in the evening Mrs. Paige sat alone reading. Steven came and stood at the back of her chair, "Mother, I'm awful sorry I went, but—"

"Were you standing by the pack when you disobeyed me?" she asked with emphasis.

"Let me tell you how it was," he pleaded humbly.

"Now, don't tell me what Rink and Bus did. The idea of you doing what they wanted you to do. You ought to lead them, but you will never be a leader till you learn to make your own decisions," she interrupted.

"It was this way," Steven continued, "I wanted to go so bad I felt that nothing else mattered, not even disobedience or my pledge to the pack. After we got there, though, I wasn't happy, and I begged Rink to come back with me in time to go and see Mr. Wooten. We were a little late, but I told him why, and he said, "You boys sure know how to keep a promise, and now I dismiss you from your obligation of reporting to me."

"Oh, I'm so glad you persuaded Rink to go with you to see the probation officer. That's good leadership, Steven," she said proudly, "though—"

"Mother, please forgive me, I'll never disobey you again," he broke in, the tears flooding his eyes.

"All right, I will forgive you. Now let's forget it," she replied earnestly.

He leaned over, kissing her, and she returned his kiss fervently.

Mrs. Paige sniffed and wiped her eyes. "You know it's your birthday Sunday, and I want you to invite Rink to dinner."

"Oh, Mother, you are too good to me. I don't deserve it," he said though his brown eyes laughed with delight.

Sunday, Mrs. Paige rose early to get the children off to Sunday School and to make preparations for the birthday dinner. The first thing she did after they had all gone was to frost the cake thick with white icing and write "Steven" in the center with yellow. Fourteen small, yellow candles adorned the edge, all ready to be lighted at the proper time. When the children came in at noon the table was set with the best silver and linen, with the cake as a centerpiece.

Once they were all seated at the table, Mrs. Paige thought it was one of the happiest moments of her life. Rink, looking like a Rhode Island red rooster with his auburn hair combed sleek, smiled from ear to ear.

After the dinner was over, Dwight and Ned slipped out of the room, and soon the two boys came in rolling a bicycle. Steven gasped in surprise, he had not expected a present. A card attached to the handle bar read: "To Steven—The wolf is the strength of the pack—and the pack is the strength of the wolf."

And Once to Grandma

Doris Palmer

GRANDMA Stanton looked wistfully after the mail truck, fast disappearing down the dusty street. Grandma had walked the six blocks to the little post office in the heart of the small rural town of Lakeview, for the past five days, and had received no word of any kind from any of her five children. They were all married now, and had families of their own. This was the first year Grandma hadn't had birthday cards and gifts sent in plenty of time for her birthday. Now only one short day remained.

"I'm sure there will be something tomorrow, Grandma," Donald Harmon, postmaster and owner of the small grocery store adjoining, comforted her, "I'll bet your birthday will be remembered all right."

"Oh, I am sure it will," Grandma tried to reassure herself, "but I never bet in my life, Donald Harmon."

"Well, you would lose this bet," Donald called after Grandma's retreating figure. Everyone in Lakeview loved and understood Grandma Stanton. She always put on a brave front, and underneath had a sweet and sensitive nature.

There was no time to stop and talk with friends who called to her as she hurried home—not this morning. Granddad was getting the ground ready for the vegetable and flower garden. They were late in getting it planted, anyway.

Grandma viewed their large, comfortable home with mixed feelings as she approached. The house was of Dutch design, set back from the road, amongst a group of oak and fragrant locust trees. To the right was the family orchard. The trees were already covered with pink and white blossoms. On the left was the vegetable garden. Two cedar pines decorated the front gate, one on each side of the walk.

The Browns lived one block nearer town, and the Hudsons two blocks farther north. The Hudsons pastured the three Jersey cows Grandma insisted on keeping. She did love to take care of milk, and make her own yellow butter and creamy buttermillk.

Grandma and Granddad had been among the first settlers in Lakeview, and had watched its growth with pride and interest; but they had sold their farm to the Hudsons when the two boys had chosen other professions, two of the girls had married business men and Mary had married a young doctor in the near-by college town. It was there she had attended school and won a teacher's certificate, only to get married the following season. Now the old house was empty of young voices.

Granddad was leaning on the plough handles waiting for Grandma's approval of the ground. Maybe it was not deep enough, and Granddad was not taking any chances. His hat was pushed back from his ruddy face, disclosing the shock of gray curly hair that was so like a little boy's. His bright blue eyes were twinkling at Grandma as she came through the gate.

"No packages, Maw?" he questioned, glancing at her empty hands.

"Not a blessed thing, Dad. Do you suppose something's the matter with any of them?"

"Now, don't go to supposin', or you'll have 'em all sick," Granddad interrupted. "Don't some of the children graduate next month?"

Grandma thought a minute. "Why I believe Jane graduates from high school and little Lennie from grammar."

"Well, it's mighty dang expensive to graduate 'em nowadays, Maw. Jane says they reckon on presents and a lot of fine new clothes."

Grandma sighed. "Yes, I know, Dad. It's not like when we went to school. We were only too glad to be able to go. Maybe that's why Ellen and Jane haven't sent any presents, but they could write a nice, long letter. Mary was comin' to visit next month, or as soon as school was out and John could get away." Grandma was trying to find excuses for her children and, as usual, she succeeded. So now she brushed the little uneasy feeling behind her, and proceeded to boss Granddad and the making of her garden.

"Dad, can we get the vegetables planted this afternoon? Dear, dear, there is so much to do. We will just have to," Grandma decided. "I can plant my flowers in the morning."

Granddad nodded his gray head and pushed his hat to a perilous position, squinting at the heavens. Off to the southeast were angry-looking clouds tumbling over each other as though driven by the thunder that could be heard ever louder as the storm rapidly approached.

"Thunder shower comin', Maw. Better get your little chicks in. It'll be here soon. It'll be the very thing for the garden. Get up, Dane," he clucked to the big gray horse, "Let's get this finished."

Grandma raised her pleasant, seamed face to the growing wind and sniffed it eagerly. You could already smell the rain. That sweet, earthy smell. It was on just such a day, not many years ago, it seemed to Grandma, that Robert came running in, his round face dirty and excited, "Mother! Jane said she could just taste the dirt after a rain. She told a lie didn't she, Mom?" He had been disappointed when she had told him that Jane just thought she could, because the smell was so fresh and strong. Grandma smiled at the remembrance.

Lennie's mischievous face then came before her, as she hurried to the chicken yard. His curly, white head could be seen most any time of the day bobbing up and down amongst the chickens. He would delight in these little chicks, she thought, picking up the different colored little balls of fluff, and putting them in the box with their mother where they chirped contentedly. Somehow Lennie never did hurt them or hold them too tight as Robert did. She had always told him he should raise chickens.

Grandma's thoughts often strayed back to the time when her family was at home. As she hurried about the neat, sunny kitchen preparing the simple dinner, she wondered if Mary still loved home-cured ham. She placed thick slices of it beside the pitcher of creamy milk. Robert used to drink milk until she couldn't see how he managed to eat any-

thing else. It wasn't so long ago that Lennie, home from college, had put his arms around her, giving her a "bear hug," as he called it. He had bragged that no one in the world could turn out such nutty-tasting bread out of common flour. If she could just have them all back together again to cook for and pamper, it would be heavenly. She brushed away an obstinate tear as she went to call Granddad.

It sprinkled a little as they were eating. "It's just teasing," Granddad said, "we'll get a good one tonight. Be better for the garden anyway. It might have been too wet to plant this afternoon."

That evening after the garden was planted and the chores and supper over with, Granddad let the paper he was reading fall to the floor and looked at Grandma with twinkling eyes. Granddad's eyes were always twinkling lately, more than usual it seemed.

"Anna Brown was over this morning whil'st you was uptown," Granddad remarked with an air of great importance. "She wanted to know if you would save all your cream tonight and in the mornin'. She went on up to Hudson's to see if they would have some."

"My lands, what's she goin' to do with all that cream?" Grandma's eyes were wide with wonder.

"Well, she said some of her school chums were comin' on a visit, and she wanted something nice and coolin'. So I reckon she is making ice cream. H'm, it sure would taste fine these warm days."

"Yes, it would, Dad. We might make some. If Ann didn't want that cream, I'd make some for my birthday tomorrow." Grandma was wondering who Anna's chums were that were coming. It was a shame the girls couldn't come now, too. Especially Mary. She would know them all. Her thoughts went back to their neglect of her birthday. It was the first time they had forgotten it since they had all left home.

THE Stantons were almost always up with the sun, but Grandma beat the sun this fresh spring morning. It had rained during the night and everything was washed clean, and was being brushed with gold as the sun sent its golden rays among the scented trees. The birds acted as though they would burst their throats with the silvery notes they spilled forth to gladden the world. Grandma's heart was light as she prepared breakfast, pausing now and then to breathe deeply of the clean, fragrant air. Granddad came in with the milk and admonished Grandma not to forget the cream Ann wanted.

"Too wet to plant your flowers this morning, Maw. Reckon I could plant 'em this afternoon, if you won't be too blamed fussy," Granddad offered.

"Well, I'll just keep the few dahlia bulbs I've got and you can plant the rest. I'll show you where I want them before I go for the mail. Maybe I'll stop a minute at Ann's on my way back."

"I wouldn't stop there if I was you, Maw. Ann will be busy, I reckon, with the party for her friends."

"Well, my lands, that's why I'm stoppin'. Maybe I can find out who it is comin'." Grandma was surprised at Granddad's lack of interest in the coming friends. Ann had

always been like one of their own daughters.

"Ain't you goin' to make a cake today, Maw? One of them fruit cakes the boys like so. You could make a cake for your birthday while I'm plantin' your garden for you." Granddad was one of the boys who liked the cake he suggested.

"It looks like I would have to, if I get one," Grandma said ruefully. "Ann sent me one last birthday, but she's too busy with her friends today."

Grandma had to wait a few minutes for the mail truck to arrive. There was no one else in the post-office store except Donald Harmon and herself. She fidgeted around looking at the labels on the canned goods, until Donald had began to sort the mail.

"I guess no one else is so anxious for their mail," Grandma remarked, a sensitive smile playing around her mouth.

"It's been kinda quiet all mornin' here," Donald answered, flipping the last letter over, hating to look into the eager eyes watching him so expectantly. "I guess there ain't anything Grandma. There was no packages a'tall this morning. Is there anything else you want?" he questioned, trying not to notice the tears Grandma was dabbing at furtively.

"Yes, I want to get some currants and citrus. Oh yes, and some brown sugar," she replied, trying to steady her voice. Pshaw, she never was good at hiding her feelings.

"Sounds like a cake was in the makin', Gran'ma. If it's as good as the last cake you brought to Rilla's wedding social, It'll sure be good."

"Now, Donald, you are just tryin' to make me feel good," Grandma scolded, picking up her packages. "Maybe I'll send you a piece of it," she called back from the door.

Grandma was feeling pretty blue as she made her way back. She felt old and out of everything.

A sound of great activity met her as she paused at the little iron gate leading into Anna's. Maybe Ann wouldn't like her comin' in when she was so busy. Grandma hesitated, one hand on the latch. Curiosity got the better of her, however, so she marched up and knocked loudly at the door. There was a sudden quiet as Ann came and opened the door. "Why, hello Grandma," Ann said loudly. "I never expected to see you over here. I thought you were planting flowers."

"It was too wet this morning and Dad's plantin' some this afternoon," Grandma explained shortly.

"Come on in, Grandma," Ann invited after a hasty glance over her shoulder.

"I was wonderin' if I couldn't come in," Grandma said, her quick eyes taking in the drops of colored frosting scattered on the dining table.

"Hello, Grandma," Helen Larsen cried, running up and kissing Grandma's withered cheek. "I'm coming over to-night, if I get through helping Ann in time. It's your birthday today, isn't it?" she inquired innocently.

"Why so it is!" Ann broke in. "Mary mentioned it in her last letter. Let's see, that's been two weeks ago," she said as though thinking. "We should have had a party on Grandma, Helen," Ann turned and smiled at Helen Larsen.

"At my age?" Grandma scoffed.

"I'm gettin' too old for such doin's."

"Wait till I get my hat, Grandma, and I'll go with you and get my cream." Ann ran into the bedroom as Grandma started collecting her bundles.

"You know, I never had a party in my life," Grandma confided as she placed the jug of cream in Ann's hands.

"Why, Grandma, honestly? We will certainly have to give you one sometime," Ann promised, a slight flush stealing over her face.

"Now Ann, I ain't askin' for a party, but I have always wanted one," she added wistfully, a faraway look in her eyes.

"Well, I must hurry." Ann quickly dropped the money in Grandma's hand. "Now don't forget, you have a party coming sometime in the future, Grandma," and Ann's face wore a happy smile.

Granddad said he had to go uptown in the late afternoon and wanted to know if Grandma was going with him.

"Well, I was going to see Grandma Hudson but I'm kinda tired, so guess I'll just rest a bit," she replied.

"I reckon you better Maw, the Larsens are comin' over tonight and you don't want to feel tired."

Granddad got home just in time to milk. It was growing dark when he finally came in for supper, making much over the fruit cake Grandma had placed in front of them.

"It's not my birthday, Maw," Granddad teased her.

"Oh hush, Dad." Grandma didn't want to be reminded of it. She couldn't help feeling the children had neglected her.

Grandma and Granddad were quietly reading when a loud knocking and shuffling of feet brought Grandma to the door. The sight that met her startled eyes nearly made her faint. The whole front porch was crowded with people. In the front of the group were her own five children, loaded down with bundles. Packed around them was the whole town, it seemed to Grandma. The words "Mother" and "Surprise" were mingled together as Grandma was picked up and placed inside, to be instantly smothered with arms from all directions. Everyone began talking at once, trying to answer the puzzled questions Grandma couldn't keep from asking.

"You tell her, Anna," Mary called above the excited crowd.

"Well," Anna began, "Mary and the rest of your family had the idea of bringing a surprise party on you, and asked Granddad to meet them on the 5:30 stage. That is all there is to it, except I was afraid you would catch on when you were at my place today. We were decorating the birthday cake when you walked up to the porch, and I had to make you wait at the door while Helen whisked it into the kitchen."

"But how could you children get away alone?" Grandma wanted to know further.

"Well, we just decided it would be nice to be home together again, so we just left our present sweethearts for our former one!" Lennie broke in, sitting with one arm around his happy mother. "We can only stay a few days, except for Mary. She is staying and John is coming and bringing the youngsters in a few days, for a longer visit."

"I think we should sing some songs to start the evening right and bring back old times," Robert suggested, getting up and motioning Ellen to the piano. "Let's begin with 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie' and say 'Mary' instead of 'Maggie' when we come to it."

"Oh I don't believe I can stand much more," Grandma said in a shaky voice.

After a few songs and games, Grandma looked up to find Granddad's twinkling eyes on her. "Dad, you old cheater, did you know all about this and never told me?"

"Sure, I did," Granddad was enjoying himself immensely, "I even give Ann the money to buy the cream with."

"Well, I never." Grandma sank back in her chair. "And I never even suspected a thing."

Happy tears blurred her eyes when the time came to cut the birthday cake. It wasn't the huge cake nor the many gifts that brought those tears, but the knowledge that her children had given her her first party.

"THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS AWAY"

Alice Whitson Norton

No silver lining can I see behind the clouds to-day,
That fall so uninvited on my head;
So hopeless is the heart within the breast of me,
Because a long, sweet, cherished dream is dead.
Numbed by the constant agony of pain, my soul
Is like a bier bereft of flowers bright;
My thoughts—as motionless as some deep frozen pool—
And desolate as any unstarred night.

And yet I know tomorrow's sun will rise and set,
Just as it's done since God created day,
And in its warmth I'll find myself remembering
With gratitude, "This, too, shall pass away."
And then I'll ponder in my heart: "Why did I grope
In darkness, thus belittling, the silver gleam of hope?"

Ten Miles to Calico

Martha Robeson Wright

THE autumn sun poured in through the open windows of the pioneer Mormon meetinghouse. As Mathilda Dawson sat down, it touched with gold the tawny braids wound round her restless, young head. It even brightened somewhat the drab hair of the girl's work-worn mother beside her on the split-log bench. But no sunlight, Tilda thought, could lend any luster to their dull-brown, homespun dresses.

This was the Sunday-afternoon sacrament meeting, so her father sat with the Seventies, just behind the Elders at the front of the room. Tilda glanced around. Frank Robinson was in his usual place on the opposite side of the meetinghouse. Every Sunday she felt the same tingle, seeing him there among the Elders. This time, though, his twinkling gray eyes were not waiting for her to look his way. Tilda followed his gaze across the aisle to the women's side, a little in front of her seat. What she saw tightened her throat.

The strange girl must be from Salt Lake City. She was gay and dainty in pink, white-sprigged calico. She had a clear white skin, and cheeks that glowed like the pink of her dress. Her hair was dark and shining beneath the perky yellow straw hat with pink ribbons on it. Her hands were white and graceful. They would be soft to touch.

Tilda scowled down at her own hands. They were tanned almost black, rough and calloused, with cracked nails and knuckles. Quickly she hid them in the folds of her skirt. Any girl could look pretty if she had the clothes, and never had done a lick of work in her life. What good would that one be in the country? Wouldn't her hands look like something when she got through scraping black pots and washing dishes in hard water and lye soap! Imagine those French kid shoes after a day's farm work, plowing, planting, hoeing, chopping wood. Wouldn't be worth sic'em!

The congregation stood for the opening song. Now Tilda saw the nice fit of the city girl's dress—snug at the waist and with a billowy skirt, three tucks featherstitched in with white floss.

"Come, Come Ye Saints!" Tilda sang lustily to hide the ache in her heart. That girl was like a princess. Frank couldn't help looking at a princess. Just the same, it hurt.

After the song they sat down. Tilda wanted to crawl off somewhere. She clenched her fists during prayer. Automatically, she put the small piece of fine white sacrament bread in her mouth and swallowed. She sipped the water, passing the large goblet on to her mother. She scarcely heard First Counselor Williams bearing testimony and telling how glorious it was to be out here in Zion where the Latter-day Saints might worship as they pleased.

By the time of the closing song, Tilda had made up her mind to get some calico herself, for a dress as

pretty as that pink one. Prettier!

As they walked out of meeting, she hurried ahead of her mother to avoid Frank. She wasn't going to have him look from her to the princess, comparing them. But he called, "Tilda! Tilda!" She turned, then seemed to freeze. He was talking to that girl. Tilda had to stand and wait until they caught up.

"Tilda, I want you to meet Clarissa Wilkins, from Salt Lake City. She's visiting our ward today."

Smiling, Clarissa held out her hand, "How do you do, Tilda."

There was nothing to do but take the white hand. It was as soft as Tilda had thought it would be. Clarissa gave her rough palm a little squeeze before she let it go.

"Pleased to meet you," said Tilda.

Clarissa acted friendly. "I've never been to Ogden before, or out here to Lynne Ward, either. It's beautiful."

Tilda always had loved her mountains and this sky, but she only said, very shortly, "I guess so."

What if Frank Robinson was squirming with embarrassment? Well, he didn't need to bring her and this girl together.

"Nice day to make the trip up, Sister Wilkins," he offered.

"Yes," she responded brightly. "Oh, there's my father! I have to go. Pleased to have met you, Sister Tilda. Goodbye." The princess floated away, a slim tree in full, pink blossom.

Tilda watched Clarissa approach a surrey and fine team of horses. Some of the families in Salt Lake were rich. Clarissa stepped up gracefully into her carriage. Unshed tears stung the country girl's eyes. Frank flushed as his glance met hers. He probably was thinking how funny she looked. He might never have noticed that her dress was ugly if Clarissa's pretty one hadn't come along. The city girl had her hair fixed with long, slender curls pinned up in the back. Tilda's wasn't fixed at all—just wound in braids around her head.

Tilda wanted to say out loud, "I'm going to get me store cloth for a dress. It won't be pink, either. I don't like pink. It'll be a lot prettier than Clarissa's." Frank wouldn't understand, though. Showing him would be better.

"Got to go," Tilda said suddenly.

She joined her parents outside the meetinghouse door. Walking home with them, she tried to think of some way to get the calico.

Home! This one-room dugout! Three years ago Tilda had helped her father spade the square hole into the ground, and securely pound logs on all sides. Across these they had placed roof poles, covered them with willows and sod. There was only one door and one window. The floor was of earth, with loose boards laid over it.

Tilda followed her parents inside. Mrs. Dawson scraped the ashes on the stone hearth, blew gently on the embers, and spread some chips over the bright glow to get the fire going. This was to take off the chill.

A pair of three-legged kettles squatted beside the hearth. The room was furnished with three wooden stools and a hewn table, a corner cupboard, and a bed of poles with a cornhusk mattress. Tilda

slept on the lid of the wooden chest opposite the bed. Her mattress was an old comforter doubled; her cover, a buffalo robe.

As usual on Sunday, she helped her mother prepare supper. She turned the cold cornmeal mush out of the bowl onto a plate to slice. While she was getting the knife, Tilda noticed that the pen-and-ink sketch of her mother's "caster" was dusty. The life-like drawing, pasted on a thin board, stood propped against the earthenware jar on the ledge of stone above the fireplace. When the Dawsons came West, the actual silver caster had been left behind.

Long after her parents slept, Tilda lay awake. Yard goods cost a lot. How could she get something to trade at Horrock's store in Ogden for the calico she coveted? Finally the idea came to her. The Burnetts had cut and stacked their wheat. There were always scattered, loose wheat stalks left among the stubble. Tomorrow she'd ask the neighbors if she might glean their field.

AT daybreak, Tilda slipped out. Brother Burnett, just up, granted her request at once.

"Why, sure, Tildy. You go right ahead. That's pretty hard work, 'specially after you do all your chores, but you're welcome."

Tilda hurried home. She gave a little skip through the door. Her parents were eating their hot mush breakfast.

"I've been over to Brother Burnett's," she reported breathlessly. "He'll let me glean his wheat field. "I'll do it after my regular chores, Pa. You won't notice the difference."

He had a spoonful of mush on the way to his mouth. He ate it before he spoke. "What's all this about?"

"Some calico. For a dress. Did you see the new girl at meeting? I want some calico like her dress. Only *not* pink. I'll work 'till I have a whole sack of wheat ready to take to town."

Her father shook his head. "You'd trade weeks of gleaning, flailing, and winnowing to Horrock's, just for yard goods?"

Tilda nodded eagerly.

"You females! What do you want another dress for?"

She gulped in astonishment. "Why — a bright, pretty color. Please let me get the wheat, Pa. Please!" Tilda stood in front of him, her hands clenched so that the knuckles showed white.

Her father said, "You can glean the wheat. But this new dress business—it just ain't seemly."

Her mother spoke. "The dresses I make you ain't so bad. Took me nigh a month to spin and weave that cloth for your Sunday dress. And dyed flour-sack dresses ain't so bad for working."

"Oh, everything we've got is so ugly, Ma! Blacks and browns! We look like mudhens. I've got to get calico somehow!"

Her father rose, put on his hat. "Don't expect any help."

"We need variety in eating," her mother wished. "It's mush, mush all the time. If you got a bushel of wheat, we could use some butter. Maybe a little white flour. Or salt pork."

Tilda choked out, "I got to have something pretty. *I got to!*"

Her mother said nothing more. Her father scuffed through the door.

When the dishes were done and the room was tidied, Mrs. Dawson went over to the fireplace shelf. She took down the sketch of the caster set, looked at it a long minute. Then she dusted the picture with a corner of her apron and put it back against the jar. Somehow that gave Tilda hope that Ma might understand in time.

At first, she gleaned in her bare feet to save her shoes. Her legs were cut and bruised by the stubble. Her arms ached. Her back felt as if it had a rusty hinge at the base of her spine. Yet she kept on doggedly, gathering wheat stalks one by one.

Tilda carried her gleanings home each day. She had stretched a tarpaulin over the levelest ground near the dugout. On this, every evening she threshed out the grains with a flail. Then she winnowed the wheat and put it into a big, old sack she had found. The sack would hold considerably more than a bushel.

The sparrows bothered Tilda. Wheat was too precious to have them gobbling it. She scared the birds away with well-aimed pebbles from her slingshot that she used to hunt rabbits. Slowly her hoard of grain grew until the big sack bulged.

In the middle of the second week, when Tilda was threshing just before supper, Frank Robinson and his grandfather, Bishop Robinson, rode by. Frank reined up his horse as if he meant to stop, and waved. Tilda had on her brown, flour-sack working dress. She didn't want him to see her close until she was wearing calico. She waved back brusquely and went on flailing.

The following Sunday she told her mother that she was too fagged out to go to Sunday School or the afternoon meeting. Mrs. Dawson let her stay home. Her father muttered disgustedly, "Dress!" But he didn't order her to get up and come along.

Tilda lay abed on the hard chest top. The soreness of her muscles and the cuts made every movement painful, but this morning her aches and smarts didn't matter. In the corner squatted the great sack, nearly full. Tomorrow would be the last of the gleaning, and she'd have a big pile of wheat stalks to flail and winnow. Then only five miles to Ogden. Only five miles to calico! The words repeated themselves over and over in Tilda's head. Five miles to calico! Five miles to calico! It was like a song.

Despite her ruse to avoid meeting Frank again before she'd be dressed up, he saw her in her working clothes on Monday. It could not have been worse. Tilda was gleaning in Brother Burnett's field. With her back to the road, she bent far over to pick up several stalks. The sun beat on her uncovered hair, which matched the color of the ripe wheat. Perspiration streaked her dusty forehead and ran into her blue eyes. It even trickled down her slender, bare, brown legs and into her high-laced shoes. Her full skirt and petticoats were fastened up around her thighs.

Frank Robinson wasn't in her mind. Her thoughts were only of her beautiful wheat, and calico. A voice came from the road.

"Howdy, Tilda."

She jerked upright, clutching at her half-filled apron, and wrenched around. Her skirts swirled above her knees. Her heart first jumped into her throat, then dropped into her shoes. Frank sat there on the slate-colored mare, his long legs dangling. He brushed a lock of black hair from his eyes to see her better, and tried to keep a smile from coming on his mouth. No wonder! She looked her very worst. Breathing quickly, Tilda fumbled to button her waist, which was too far open at the neck.

"I—I didn't aim to scare you." Frank's smile came out.

Tilda blushed furiously. Her eyes flashed. "You didn't scare me!" The words were curt and sharp. "But you thought you were smart to sneak up on me like an Indian."

She'd seen him look at her legs when she whirled. And what a sight she must have been stooping 'way over with her back to him!

"Honest, I didn't sneak up." His tone begged her not to get any madder at him. "I was just doing an errand for grandpa and thought I'd pass the time o'day."

"Well, you passed it." Tilda turned away, being careful not to have her skirts flare out, and resumed gleaning. Now she half knelt as she picked up each wheat stalk. Frank sat still on his horse as if he didn't understand. Humph! After a minute or two he went loping down the road.

Tilda crumpled on the ground, her head on her knees. She'd got her legs cut raw, her back nearly broken, her hands looking awful, to get a calico dress so that Frank would think she was as pretty as Clarissa. And how he had just seen her! He had laughed! What difference would a new dress make now?

She wiped her hot, teary face with her apron. It was no use. Her conscience would nag her anyway if she had the calico. She'd be thinking of her mother needing a variety of food instead of mush.

Tilda stood up listlessly. She would finish gleaning, and thresh and winnow the last of the wheat. Pa could take the sackful to town to trade for something to eat that would be a change. Out here all people did was work to get enough to eat.

Tilda saw her mother trudging across the field toward her. She hadn't realized before that ma looked like an old, old woman. She plodded over the stubble as if walking in her sleep. It was from so much hard work. Ma never complained, but neither did she ever seem to take much notice of anything nowadays. Even of that picture of her precious caster set.

"Got the soap a-cooling," Mrs. Dawson called. There was no expression in her voice. Automatically she began picking up wheat stalks and stowing them in her apron. "Thought I'd help you."

Tenderness stirred Tilda. "You got no call to do this, Ma. Go back to the dugout and rest yourself a little."

"I'm tired of being in there. Nothing else to do but this, for awhile. You—you'll get your wheat to town sooner."

The lump in Tilda's throat choked her. Ma meant she should

get the calico. Ma was on her side. Tilda swallowed hard.

Then, with the shock as of cold water thrown in her face, it struck the girl that her mother looked like a squaw. Her skin was lined and weatherbeaten, her dark hair lifeless. Her arms were thin and sinewy. Her hands resembled leathery claws. That stoop in ma's back came from bending, lifting, washing, laboring all the time. The one variety in her life was going to meeting on Sunday, seeing other tired, worn women like herself trying to keep awake during the sermon. Ma had grown old at thirty-five.

Tilda thought, I'm past sixteen. How much longer will I stay young looking? She was awful tired right now. She might wear out even quicker than her mother. Oh, she *musn't* let herself get like ma! Whether or not Frank liked her in the calico didn't matter so much. She had to get it so she wouldn't wither up as her mother had done. Desperately, Tilda resumed her gleaning.

That night her father asked if her task wouldn't soon be finished. He hadn't mentioned her work since she started. Why had he asked that? Rather worriedly she answered, "Yes."

"I'll get you a piece of twine to tie the sack. You maybe'll have over a bushel. Still set on the dress goods?"

More worried, she replied, "Yes, sir, and thanks for the twine."

Her father said nothing more, but the room seemed brighter to Tilda. Perhaps pa had joined her side. No doubt his interest was because she had worked hard. He always admired a hard worker.

Tuesday afternoon Tilda worked at her threshing with a light heart. Thump! Thump! went the flail. This was the very last batch of wheat stalks—she wouldn't mind how her back hurt. Her mother came from the dugout with a bucket of water. Tilda let the flail drop. She sat down against a stump to ease her backache.

"Seems like you'll 'most kill yourself just for a dress," her mother said, setting the bucket beside her.

Tilda wiped her forehead with her forearm. She reached for the bucket. "Thanks, Ma." She drank long and washed her hot, red face with the remaining water. She smiled up at her mother. "It's sure nice wheat."

"Come winter you'll wish you'd got something heavier than calico." But Tilda sensed that her mother didn't really mean it.

The sparrows were gathering near the tarpaulin. Tilda took her flipper and a stone from the top of the stump. She placed the pebble in the leather piece and pulled the elastics back until the two rubbers fastened to the sides of the fork were taut. Without aiming, she shot the missile toward the birds. They whirred away and Tilda replaced the flipper on the stump.

"Makes no difference if there is a bounty on the pesky sparrows," she said. "I can't seem to want to kill 'em."

Painfully she got to her feet. Her mother picked up the bucket and remarked, "You don't *have* to get done tonight."

"Yes I do. I'm going to take my wheat to town tomorrow."

"To trade just for calico—when you could get—"

Her mother checked the wish. Tilda flushed and glanced down at her dull-brown, sage-dyed, flour-sack dress. The waist was opened at the neck to where the gentle swelling of her firm young breasts began. She drew a sobbing breath, lifted the flail, and thumped the wheat stalks at her feet emphatically.

"One more winter of poor fare won't hurt us, Ma. I got to get that calico! I won't look so dead any longer!"

"Pretty is as pretty does." But ma's eyes didn't match her sharp tone. They were tender. "Frank'll like you anyway."

Tilda reddened. She doubled her fists on her hips, left the flail dangling. "The dress isn't for him, Ma. It's just to have something pretty for once. I got a right to, haven't I?"

"Yes. And you're grown now. But how are you going to get your wheat to town? We have no horse or oxen."

"I'll get it there." Tilda's blue eyes glinted. "Perhaps somebody from Burnett's 'll be going to Ogden tomorrow."

Mrs. Dawson returned to the dugout. Tilda finished threshing. Then she turned the stalks over with a pitchfork until she felt sure every head of wheat was off. She pitched the straw onto the stack. That left only the grain and chaff on the tarpaulin. Tilda, looking like a young Norse goddess, began throwing handfuls of wheat into the air and letting it fall to the canvas.

It took her three hours to winnow—three hours of stooping and straightening and tossing. The shadows slid over the surrounding mountains. The last operation, sifting, required little time. Finally she shoveled the sieved grain into the fat sack. Before tying the mouth with the heavy twine her father had provided, she ran her fingers down into the wheat caressingly.

Tilda pushed the sack over and stretched herself out beside it. She lay watching the sky, where bright paint had been thrown all across the heavens. The calico in Horrock's store would be colored like that. The piled bolts would make a rainbow against the drab, plank shelves.

The triumphant sunset was loath to bid good night, but after a while the colors faded to a soft blend. Rested, Tilda scrambled up. She took her flipper and pebbles from the stump and dropped them into the large pocket inside her skirt. She pulled and tugged the sack of wheat to the dugout. Her mother helped her drag it in.

"Got all you need now?" Mrs. Dawson asked.

Tilda nodded. As she washed up she glanced at the sketch of the caster. There was no dust on it.

"I'm tuckered out, Ma. Goin' to bed."

Mrs. Dawson stopped stirring the contents of the black kettle that hung over the fire. "Not eating any supper?"

"Too all-fired tired." Tilda kicked off her shoes, crawled onto the wooden chest, pulled the buffalo robe over her. Her wheat sat there in the corner, ready. *Only five miles to calico!*

(*To be continued*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES

A Seminary Relief Society

RAY L. JONES, principal of the Midway L.D.S. Seminary at Lewisville, Idaho, is giving seminary students an insight into the operation of Church auxiliaries by organizing the students into groups patterned after the auxiliaries. His account of the sample Relief Society in the seminary during the 1943-44 school year states:

"The organization has consisted of three girls—a president chosen from the Church history class, a first counselor from the New Testament class, and a second counselor from the Old Testament class. The purpose of this organization has been threefold:

1. To acquaint all seminary students with the purpose and value of the Relief Society;
2. To give students opportunities to serve their fellow classmates;
3. To train student officers for future leadership in the Relief Societies of their wards and stakes.

"The principal project carried out by this organization during the past year has been the writing of letters to the servicemen from the five wards of the school district. These letters have included the following features:

1. A mimeographed letter from the Relief Society officers;
2. News from the high school, home wards, and from the boys in the service;
3. A message from the stake presidency, ward bishopric, and the high school principal;
4. Personal notes written on the back and margins of the mimeographed letter by seminary students.

"The first letter was mailed, in November (1943), to 150 servicemen, the second, in February, to more than 200, and the third letter, in May. Dozens of letters have been received from the servicemen expressing their appreciation for being remembered. These replies have come from all parts of the United States and from the battle fronts of the world, including India, North Africa, Italy, England, the Aleutians, and the South Pacific. The student Relief Society officers have organized and supervised all phases of this letter-writing project, and in addition have carried out the following activities:

1. Sent get-well cards to students who have been absent because of sickness;
2. Sent sympathy cards to students who have had a death in the family;
3. Written or visited sick students in hospitals;
4. Suggested and assisted in making beautification improvements in the seminary building;
5. Regularly cared for the potted plants, goldfish, et cetera;

Presidency of the sample Relief Society of the Midway L.D.S. Seminary at Lewisville, Idaho, 1943-44, completing the mailing of one of their quarterly letters to servicemen from this school district. Left to right, Counselor Martha Dean Fisher of Annis, President Zelma Hansen of Menan, and Counselor Patricia Gneiting of Lewisville.

6. Assisted in the seminary graduation by arranging flowers for decorating the chapel, assisting the girls with corsages, et cetera."

Juarez Stake (Mexico)

NELLIE S. HATCH, president of Juarez Stake Relief Society, wrote in 1944:

"Our Mexican Branch in Colonia Dublan, a Spanish-speaking organization consisting of forty-two members, takes several *Magazine* subscriptions, an indication of the progress these sisters are making in learning the English language. The Mexican Branch has found other ways also of demonstrating its interest in Relief Society work, and of extending and increasing its usefulness and spirit of charity. When a young woman was left a widow with six small children, they drew from a fund that had been accumulating, and acting with and under the direction of the bishop, the woman was placed in a home where she could care for her small children, work was found for the oldest girl, to supplement what the mother earns by taking work into the home, and a simple but secure living was thus provided for one who had been unfortunate and dependent.

"The Pacheco Ward, a small and isolated community in the mountains, has also been diligent and forward looking. A few years ago it began accumulating material that would be needed in times of emergency and stress, and to create this initial fund each sister donated to the Society one hectoliter of corn (approximately one bushel). Some of the husbands caught the spirit and added to this. The aggregate donation amounted to 50 hectoliters of corn which was stored until planting time. Each year some of the seed was planted, but always a sufficient amount was reserved for food, in case the need arose, and was not sold or rented out for plant-

These three women are sisters, and at the time this picture was submitted, last August, all three were serving as ward Relief Society presidents. They are: Viola P. Zwahlen, then president (but since released) of Bountiful Second Ward Relief Society, South Davis Stake, and formerly president of the Castle Dale Ward Relief Society, Emery Stake; Dora P. Ellis, president of the Ellensburg (Washington) Branch Relief Society, Northwestern States Mission, and formerly of the Wellington Ward Relief Society, Carbon Stake; and Adrian P. Hanson, then president (but since released) of Delta Second Ward Relief Society, Deseret Stake. Picture submitted by Leola Jensen of Ferron (Emery Stake), Utah.

ing until another crop was secure. But the annual turnover and increase of this basic donation has netted the Society each year a fair profit which has been converted into staple articles; such as cloth, thread, salt, soda, medicines, et cetera, until, at the end of 1943, there was an estimated value of merchandise on hand of $1,525, and of medicines to the value of $115.00, all of which is held for times of emergency.

"In addition to this the members have on hand a ton of potatoes for sale, the growing of which was done through a project they instigated and with which the entire community helped. One hundred kilos of seed potatoes were donated to them by an interested and enthusiastic potato farmer who not only gave them the seed but planted them, cared for them during the summer as well, and turned them over to them in the fall with their increased supply. All but what was needed for food was saved for seed and planted in the spring of 1943. To take care of the planting as well as the harvesting, a town work-day was called and all turned out, and the Relief Society served dinners for them on both occasions. Again the potatoes not actually needed for food were saved for seed, and money raised in this way is continuing to add to the fund already started."

Big Horn Stake (Wyoming)

HULDA M. LYNN, Big Horn Stake Relief Society president, sent to the General Board one of the attractive wall calendars distributed by the Lovell West Ward Relief Society to all women of the ward. Printed in brown on buff paper, each leaf of the calendar is headed "Lovell West Ward Relief Society" with an accompanying statement in red: "Relief Society is an Open Door to Enlightened, Ennobled Living." The Tuesdays on this calendar have no dates, but instead, printed in red, are the Relief Society meeting days, the first Tuesday indicated by "Theology"; the second, "Work"; the third, "Literature"; and the fourth, "Social Science". The fifth Tuesday in

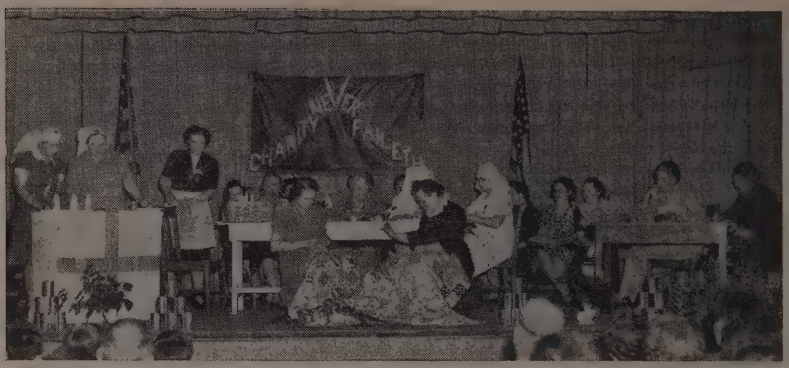


Tableau staged for the ward homecoming, September 12, 1944, by the Relief Society of the Boise (Idaho) Second Ward, depicting the many activities in which the Society participates. On a backdrop of blue satin the Society's motto "Charity Never Faileth" was lettered in gold. Grouped on either side of the stage were the Singing Mothers led by Gladys Broadbent and accompanied by Verda Peterson. Welfare work and sewing was represented by Counselor Gladys Cain, Mabel Sorenson and Belle Borup; Eva Robison and Mildred Kane were in the white uniforms of the Red Cross surgical dressings division; Edythe Mathews and Counselor Mary E. Lund represented the Red Cross canteen corps. *Magazine* representative, Irene Read, was ready with receipt book to take a subscription for *The Relief Society Magazine*. Secretary Elizabeth Nokelby was writing the minutes and President Suza P. Nielson was seated at her desk presiding over the activities. Across the front of the stage a bright border of cans brought to mind the summer canning project and gave those who participated the satisfaction of time well spent.

January is designated "Special Program"; the fifth Tuesday in May, "Closing Social"; and the fifth Tuesday in October, "Special Work Day". During the four summer months, only the monthly work meeting on the second Tuesday is indicated in red, accompanied by the words "Visiting Teacher" inasmuch as during these months no training-report meetings are held on the first Tuesday, but reports are made on the second Tuesday. "Opening Social" is the red-letter day on the last Tuesday of September, and a "Bazaar" in capital letters is scheduled for the second Tuesday in December. The final red-letter Tuesday of the year is "Christmas".

Lovell West Ward is commended for its enterprising use of this means of keeping Relief Society constantly before the women of the ward, which should result in increased attendance not only because the members themselves can better plan their work and appointments so as not to conflict with Relief Society meetings and socials, but because the Society also had to plan its work systematically for the entire year before the calendar could be printed. This calendar on the wall serves not only as a constant reminder but as a standing invitation to Relief Society. Sofe Johnson is president of this ward Relief Society.

Seven Living Past Presidents of the Kanab (Utah) North Ward Relief Society, Kanab Stake.

They have served successively since May 12, 1917, or a total of 28 years in the position of Kanab North Ward president.

Left to right, seated: Susan L. Robinson, 1917-20 (also served as Kanab Stake Relief Society president 1920-31); Addie J. Little, 1920-28; Nabbie S. Mace, 1928-31. Standing: Vera L. Swapp, 1931-35 (also served as Kanab Stake Relief Society president 1935-39); Esther B. Judd, 1935-38 (also was stake Relief Society counselor 1943-45); Harriet B. Riggs, 1938-42; and Ruth G. Shumway who submitted the picture, 1942-44 (who also was a stake Relief Society counselor 1935-38). The present president is Elizabeth M. Johnson.

Stake and Ward Relief Society Officers of Gridley Stake (California), at the first union meeting under direction of the new stake Relief Society officers held in connection with stake quarterly conference, September 23-24, 1944, when this stake Relief Society was reorganized.

Left to Right, Front Row: Selma Abbott (stake Relief Society secretary-treasurer), Esther Fox, Irene Zundel, Alice Ferrin (stake Relief Society president who submitted the picture), Maybeth Johnson, Violet Gray, Lavaun Papa, Esther Peters (first counselor in stake Relief Society presidency), Maggie Peterson, Ilda Williams, Myra MacClure, Florence Jensen, Bertha McGavin, Alta Farnworth. (*Continued on page 256*)

Thirty-seven members of the Fourth Ward Relief Society, North Idaho Falls Stake, whose service in Relief Society presidencies in various parts of the Church aggregate 306 years.

Service by these women in other capacities in the Relief Society and in other auxiliaries of the Church is not included. These women are typical of the tens of thousands of Relief Society women throughout the Church who are continually developing their leadership abilities by serving the Society in the various positions to which they are called, bringing to each new assignment the wisdom and experience of their prior service. Twenty additional women who have given similar service were not present when the picture was taken. This picture, taken in the Fourth Ward chapel, also shows the lovely mural depicting the five wise and five foolish virgins, which was painted by Robert L. Shepherd of Salt Lake. His mother, Ellen F. Shepherd, has been an employee in the offices of the General Board of Relief Society for 27 years.

Following is an account of the names and positions which these Fourth Ward members now hold or have held in the past, with women in each group being designated from left to right:

Standing Center—Present officers of the Fourth Ward: Pearl Smith, secretary; Kathryn Price, second counselor; Vella Laird, first counselor; and Edna Blaylock, president, now serving their 2d year in the ward.

Standing Right—Officers who served just prior to the group now in office: Lula Norton, who served the Fourth Ward 2 years as president, 2 years as first counselor and 1 year as second counselor; Lavinnia Telford, 2 years as first counselor in the Fourth Ward, who also served the North Idaho Falls Stake 4 years as second counselor and 1½ years as first counselor; Edith Cook, second counselor for 2 years in the Idaho Falls Fourth Ward and first counselor for 2 years in the Leslie Ward, Lost River Stake; Hannah Kelley, secretary of the Idaho Falls Fourth Ward for 1 year, who also served as president of Diamond Ward, Oakland, California, and as second counselor in the Oakland Stake for 2 years.

Standing Left: Past presidency of the Fourth Ward who served previous to the last mentioned group: Elizabeth Austin, second counselor for 2 years who also

served as a counselor in the Montpelier Ward for 2 years and as first counselor of the Montpelier Stake for 7 years; Ann Ricks Jaques, first counselor for 2 years who also served as second counselor for 1 year; Ruth Hart, president for 2 years who for the past year and a half has been serving as first counselor of the North Idaho Falls Stake.

Seated Left—Back Row: Mary White who served as first counselor of the Yellowstone Stake for 6 years, as first counselor of the First Ward in St. Anthony for 3 years, and as first counselor of the Second Ward in St. Anthony for 2 years; Emma Jensen who served as first counselor of the First Ward, Idaho Falls Stake, for 3 years, as president of the First Ward for 5 years, as second counselor of the North Idaho Falls Stake for 6 years, and as first counselor of the North Idaho Falls Stake for 6 years; Mattie Colson who served as secretary of the Taylor Ward, Shelley Stake, for 6 months, as president of the Chester Ward, Yellowstone Stake, for 1 year, and as first counselor of the Emmett Ward, Boise Stake, for 10 years; Mattie Lou Kirby who served 9 years as the first secretary in the Idaho Falls Second Ward, as president of the Second Ward for 1½ years, and as president of the Torrence Ward, Los Angeles Stake, for 2 years; Edith Finn who served as secretary of the Rigby Second Ward for 4 years.

Middle Row: Elizabeth Wadsworth who served in the Shelley Second Ward, Shelley Stake, for 3 years as first counselor, and for 2 years as second counselor; Sarah J. Cook who served as secretary for 1½ years in the Taylor Ward, Shelley Stake; Emma Earl who served as president of the Taylor Ward, Shelley Stake, for 6 years; Ethel Park who served as secretary of the Idaho Falls Fourth Ward for 6 months.

Front Row: Martha Telford who served as first counselor in the Idaho Falls Stake for 6 years, as president of the Idaho Falls Stake for 7 years, and as president of the Lincoln Ward of the same stake for 6 years; Elvira Steele (now deceased) who served from 1887 to 1895 as president of the Iona Ward, Idaho Falls Stake, as second counselor on the Idaho Falls stake board for 10 years, and as Idaho Falls stake president for 15 years; Sariah Davis who served as first counselor in the Idaho Falls Second Ward for 3 years.

Seated Right—Front Row: Edith Mortimer who served in the Hibbard Ward of Rexburg Stake as second counselor for 2 years, first counselor for 6 years, and as secretary for 12 years; Eliza Jane Smith who served as secretary in Nephi South Ward, Juab Stake, for 16½ years; Mary Magleby who served as first counselor on the Sevier stake board for 15 years.

Second Row: Maude Spencer who served in the Hamilton (Oregon) Branch of the Northwestern States Mission, 2 years as president, 2 years as first counselor, and 2 years as secretary; Mariann Pederson, who served in 1898 and 1899 as president of the Randers Branch of the Danish Mission; Martha Nelson who served as secretary of the Palisade Ward, Rigby Stake, for 35 years; Maria Williams who served in the Shelton Ward, North Idaho Falls Stake, as second counselor for 2 years, and as first counselor for 2 years.

Third Row: Lydia Thueson who served for 4 years as second counselor of the Second Ward, Rexburg Stake; Veda Wilkinson who served as president of the Milford Ward, Beaver Stake, for 4 years; Alberta Staker who served in the Teton Ward, Rexburg Stake, as secretary for 1½ years and as second counselor for 2 years, as second counselor of the Idaho Falls First Ward for 2 years, and is now serving as *Magazine* representative of the Idaho Falls Fourth Ward; Ethel Myles who served as second counselor of the Ucon Ward, North Idaho Falls Stake, for 2 years, and on the North Idaho Falls stake board as second counselor for 2 years, and as president for 2 years; Vella A. Evans who served as Fourth Ward secretary for 5 years, and on the North Idaho Falls stake board, 2 years as secretary, 2 years as second counselor, and is now serving as first counselor.

Fourth Row: Sylvia Burr, who served for 2½ years as a missionary in the Hawaiian Mission, assisting with the Relief Society at Laie and Honolulu, and who later was secretary of the Fourth Ward, North Idaho Falls Stake, for 2 years; Helen Hale who served as secretary of the Pocatello Sixth Ward for 1 year.

Interesting Family Group

Seventy of the Descendants of William Willis Wimmer and Emma Leonard Wimmer (second row center).

At the present time, so Sister Wimmer states, she has five sons and five daughters, fifty-four grandchildren and sixty-one great-grandchildren. The ancestors of this couple came from England, Canada, Germany, and the United States.

Notes from the Field

(*Continued from page 253*)

Second Row: Arlene Cox, Beatrice Cox, Rose Winkler, Amy Rollins, Alice Putnam, Mabel Hayter, Dorothy Fox, Grace Johnson, Bertha Triplett, Etta Todd, Mildred Call, Martha Stewart, Mabel Jensen (second counselor in Relief Society stake presidency).

Third Row: Fern Church, Nancy Wright, Lucile Bennett, Gladys Seevers, Maude Call, Dora Davenport, Bessie Sannar, June Hagberg.

Fourth Row: Amy Donner, Elsie Jones, Pansy Gardner, Elaine Little, Nellie Richins, Grace Thorpe, Laura Richins.

"THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD"

Prov. 31:27

Della Adams Leitner

"She looks well to the ways of her household,"
How often in days fraught with care
These words have brought to me comfort
And helped me to cheerfully bear
The demands and the duties so endless,
Interruptions and problems to meet,
Exactions in "ways of the household,"
And each day of the year they repeat.

But I, with all true-hearted mothers,
Am glad in this way I can share
The work and the joy of creation
By love and by service and prayer.
We think not of tasks as a burden,
Believing our Lord has designed
No higher and finer a mission
Than these "households" to women assigned.

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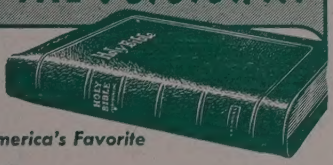

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